

THE
C U P I D.
A
COLLECTION
Of the most Beautiful
LOVE SONGS
IN THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
I N

TWELVE PARTS
S U I T E D
To Twelve different sorts of LOVERS,
V I Z.

The FEMALE LOVER.
The ADMIRING LOVER
The SLIGHTED LOVER
The MODEST LOVER.
The CONSTANT LOVER.
The JEALOUS LOVER.

The TENDER LOVER.
The WHINING LOVER.
The SAUCY LOVER.
The MERRY LOVER.
The PRESSING LOVER.
The HAPPY LOVER.

*A Song may catch her who set Courtship flies,
And listening, she may fall Love's Sacrifice.*

Amor Omnia vincit.

D U B L I N:
Printed for GEORGE FAULKNER in *Essex-Street*, and
JAMES HOEY, in *Skinner-Row*, 1737.



P R E F A C E.

TO publish a Collection of Songs, after the *World* has been kindly presented with so many already, may, perhaps, seem a little needless, if not impertinent. The only Excuse the Editor of these can make, is the Novelty of his Design. All the Collections which have gone before (now don't think he is going to depreciate 'em all, as is usual) are calculated, he owns, to please every body, whilst his humble Design is only to entertain one Set of People, viz. **THE LOVERS**. If the Young and the Fair are pleased, 'tis all he aims at; he does not desire the Drunkard, or the Reveller to read his Collection; it was not design'd for his Entertainment; there are no Bacchanalia's in it.

All that the Editor has to say, is, to confess, that there are several Songs in this Collection, not so good as he could wish, but if there are fewer bad ones in it, than in any other, he shall think it has some Merit. And he further hopes, it will be of some Service to the various Kinds of Lovers. with their various Mistresses. They will here be directed to a Song upon almost any Occasion, and suited to almost any Circumstance of Temper or Humour the dear Creature may be in: and, to vary a little the Words of an old Poet,

A Song may catch her who set Courtship flies,
And listening, she may fall Love's Sacrifice.



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THE
FEMALE LOVER.

*Plays, Poems, and Romances melt the Heart,
And Love finds easy entrance for his Dart.*

SONG I. *Waft me some soft, &c.*



INCE we, poor slavish Women,
know

Our Men we cannot pick and chuse
To him we like, why say we no,
And both our Time and Lover lose
With feign'd Repulses and Delays,
A Lover's Appetite we pall ;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
His Stomach's gone for good and all

Or our impatient, am'rous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal,
And, rather than stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coarse ready Meal,
When Opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too ;
And, if the Man be to your Mind:
'Till needs you must, ne'er let him go.

B

And

The FEMALE LOVER,

The Match soon made, is happy still,
 For only Love has there to do ;
 Let no one marry 'gainst her Will,
 But stand off when her Parents wooe ;
 And only to their Suits be coy :
 For she whom Jointure can obtain,
 To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
 Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

SONG II. Farewel thou false Philander.

FAREWEL, ungrateful Traytor,
 Farewel, my perjur'd Swain ;
 Let never injur'd Creature
 Believe a Man again.
 The Pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing !
 But 'tis too short a Blessing,
 And Love too long a Pain:

'Tis easy to deceive us,
 In Pity of your Pain ;
 But when we love, you leave us,
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no Bliss beside it,
 But she who once has try'd it,
 Will never love again.

The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain ;
 But now the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain,
 Your Love by ours we measure,
 'Till we have lost our Treasure ;
 But dying is a Pleasure,
 When living is a Pain.

SONG VI. *As Celia near a Fountain.*

- A**s *Sylvia* in a Forrest lay
 To vent her Love alone ;
 Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.
 " Ah ! is my Love (said she) to you
 " So worthless, and so vain ;
 " Why is your wonted Fondness now
 " Converted to Disdain ?
 " You vow'd the Light should Darkness turn,
 " E'er you'd exchange your Love ;
 " In Shades now may Creation mourn,
 " Since you unfaithful prove.
 " Was it for this I Credit gave
 " To every Oath you swore ?
 " But ah ! it seems they most deceive,
 " Who most pretend t' adore.
 " 'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
 " The Practice of Mankind ;
 " Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 " My Love had made me blind.
 " For you, delighted I could die ;
 " But Oh ! with Grief I'm fill'd,
 " To think that credulous, constant I,
 " Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said — all Breathless, sick and pale,
 Her Head upon her Hand
 She found her Vital Spirits fail,
 And Senses at a Stand.
Sylvander now began to melt ;
 But, e'er the Word was given,
 The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
 And sigh'd her Soul to Heav'n.

SONG VII. *From grave Lessons, &c.*

FROM grave Lessons and Restraint,
 I'm stole out to revel here ;
 Yet I tremble, and I faint,
 In the middle of the Fair.
 Oh ! wou'd Fortune in my Way,
 Throw a Lover kind and gay ;
 Now's the Time he soon might move
 A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture ? No, no, no,
 Shall I from the Danger go ?
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me Nature, help me Art,
 Why should I deny my Part ?
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

SONG VIII. *Last Sunday at St. James's Prayers.*

LAST Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,
 The Prince and Princess by,
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
 Sate in a Closet nigh.
 I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
 Read all the Answers o'er ;
 But was perverted by a Look,
 That pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use
 With the devoutest Care ;
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,
 And all the Raptures there :
 He waits to hand me to my Chair,
 He bows with courtly Grace,
 And whispers Love into my Ear,
 Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,
 My tender Heart is won ;
 But I grew peevish at the Word,
 Desir'd he wou'd be gone.
 He went quite out of Sight, while I
 A kinder Answer meant ;
 Nor did I for my Sins that Day,
 By half so much repent.

SONG IX. *The Groves the Plains.*

THE Groves, the Plains ;
 The Nymphs, the Swains ;
 The Silver Stream, and cooling Shade :
 All, all declare
 How false you are,
 How many Hearts you have betray'd.

Dissembler go,
 Too well I know
 Your fatal, false, deluding Art ;
 To every She,
 As well as me,
 You make an Offering of your Heart.

SONG X. *The Virgin Powers.*

YE Virgin Powers defend my Heart
 From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 Then place a Guard of Pride.

A Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every Virtue's Aid.
 And she who thinks her self secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

SONG XI. *How hard is Fortune.*

HOW hard is the Fortune of all Womankind,
 For ever subjected, for ever confin'd;
 The Parent controuls us until we are Wives,
 The Husband enslaves us the rest of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
 But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;
 Deny'd e'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,
 Asham'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

SONG XII. *Dear Colin prevent, &c.*

DEAR *Collin* prevent my warm Blushes,
 Since how can I speak without Pain,
 My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes,
 Oh can't you their Meaning explain:
 My Passion would lose by Expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a Confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be:
 Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my Bosom confine:

SONG XIII. *I'll range around the shady Bowers.*

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry,
 The distant Shoar, and long to prove,
 (Still richer in Variety)
 The Treasures of the Land of Love

We Women, like weak *Indians* stand
 Inviting from our Golden Coast,
 The wand'ring Rovers to our Land:
 But she who trades with them is lost,

With humble Vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the Heart;
 But by Possession settled in,
 They quickly act another Part.

For

For Beads, and Baubles we resign,
 In Ignorance our shining Store;
 Discover Nature's richest Mine,
 And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can Court, or you be won;
 For Love is but Discovery,
 -When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

SONG XIV. *My Goddess Celia Heav'nly
 Fair.*

WHY does my Looks my Thoughts betray,
 And sudden Blushes in me fly?
 Why do I sigh and faint away,
 Since he I love would have me die?

Could I but once on him prevail,
 To mingle with his Joys my Smart,
 That he might feel what now I ail;
 But I'm too young to shew such Art.

Attractive *Cupid*, be my Care,
 And look with Pity on my Pain;
 Oh! break the Chains that now I wear,
 Or bind *Amincor* in the same.

Haste to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
 To help an harmless injur'd Maid,
 That she may quickly send Relief,
 And save a Heart that is betray'd.

SONG XV. *Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain.*

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat pensive, and folding her Arms;
Her Lute and her shining Attire,
Neglected; were laid at her Side:
While pining with hopeless Desire,
The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd;

Oh! cou'd the past Hours but return!
When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart!
Clarinda would mutually burn,
Would mutually suffer the Smart:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I foolishly doated on State:
I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To sparkle in Golden Array,
By my Dress and my Charms to be known,
At the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Blessing could prove;
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I flighted poor *Angelot's* Love:
Such Madness besotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And scornfully smil'd at his Pain,

How

How happy my Fortune had been,
 Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!
 In Bliss I had rival'd a Queen,
 Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride.
 With him more Content had I found,
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,
 With a Passion that never would die.

I had feasted on innocent Joy,
 On the Pleasures of kindness and Ease;
 While the Fears which the Great-Ones annoy,
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone,
 His Love I can never regain:
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain:

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
 When the Swain to the Green did advance
 In his Hand his new Consort appears,
 With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance:
 Impatient, and sick at the Sight,
 To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
 (Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
 And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG XVI. *Tweed Side.*

O H! think not the Maid whom you scorn
 With Riches delighted can be;
 Had I great Princess been born.
 My *Billy* had dear been to me:
 In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
 In Love there is nothing but Charms,
 On others your Treasures bestow,
 Give *Billy* alone to these Arms.

In Title and Wealth what is lost,
 In Tenderneſs oſt is repaid :
 Too much a great Fortune may coſt,
 Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid ;
 Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great,
 We more real Pleaſures will prove ;
 While they in their Palaces hate,
 We in our poor Cottage will love.

SONG XVII. *Ah ! whither, &c.*

AH ! whither, whither ſhall I fly,
 A poor unhappy Maid ;
 To hopeleſs Love and Miſery
 By my own Heart betray'd :
 Not by *Alexis*' Eyes undone,
 Nor by his charming faithleſs Tongue,
 Or any practis'd Art :
 Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
 But the ſad Pains which I endure
 Proceed from fancy'd Smart.

'Twas Fancy gave *Alexis* Charms,
 E'er I beheld his Face :
 Kind Fancy then could fold our Arms,
 And form a ſoft Embrace :
 But ſince I've ſeen the real Swain,
 And try'd to fancy him again,
 I'm by my Fancy taught,
 Tho' 'tis a Blis no Tongue can tell,
 To have *Alexis*, yet 'tis Hell
 To have him but in Thought.

SONG XVIII. *With tuneful Pipe, &c.*

AS *Sparabella* pensive lay,
 In dreary Shade along,
 With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid
 Thus wail'd in plaining Song.
 The Tears forth streaming from her Eyes,
 Adown her Cheeks fast flow:
 Her Eyes, which now no longer shine,
 Her Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah ! well-a-day ! does *Colin* then
 Make Mock of all my Smart ?
 Has he so soon forgot his Vows,
 Which won my Maiden Heart ?
 Ah witless Damsel ! why did I
 So soon myself resign ?
 Ah ! why didst thou, false Shepherd, say,
 Thy Heart should still be mine ?

Oh ! *Colin, Colin*, call to mind
 What you to me did say,
 As we in yonder Field were laid
 Beneath the cocking Hay ;
 Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,
 My Apron o'er thee spread,
 Snatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,
 And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first
 With tim'rous Hares unite ;
 The Fox with Geese, with Lambs the Dog,
 And with the Hen the Kite :
 The Moon (that roves like thee) shou'd fail,
 The Stars benighted prove,
 The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease
 To shine, e'er thou to love.

Oh ! then let wide Confusion reign,
 The Hound with Hares unite ;
 The Fox with Geese, with Lambs the Dog,
 And with the Hen the Kite:
 Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine,
 Ye Stars extinguish'd be ;
 Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,
 For *Colin's* false to me.

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brim full,
 Rehears'd her piteous Woes,
 When she perceiv'd her fading Life
 Draw near, alas ! its Close.
 But first forewarn'd by me, poor Maid !
 Ah ! Maid no more, she cry'd,
 Ye Lasses all, shun flatt'ring Swains ;
 Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.

SONG XIX. *Young I am,*

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield :
 How to keep, or how to gain ;
 When to love, and when to feign.
 Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true ;
 E'er I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breasts, and roll my Eyes,
 Stray not 'till I learn the Way,
 How to lie and to betray :
 He that has me first is blest'd,
 For I may deceive the rest.
 Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth ;
 Brisk and of a janty Mien,
 I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

SONG XX *The Sun was sunk,*

IN vain poor *Damon* prostrate lies,
 And humbly trembles at my Feet,
 While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs
 With moving Eloquence entreat.
 Pity persuades my trembling Breast,
 That Pains so great should be redress'd.

But some strange Whisper interceeds,
 And tells me I must let him wait,
 And make him seal restrictive Deeds,
 E'er I admit him to my State,
 Women should triumph whilst they can,
 Since Marriage makes 'em Slaves to Man:

SONG XXI *Genteel in Personage,*

Genteel in Personage,
 Conduct, and Equipage,
 Noble by Heritage,
 Generous, and free;
 Brave, not Romantick;
 Learn'd, not pedantick;
 Frolick, not frantick?
 This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new:
 Neat, but not finical;
 Sage but not cynical;
 Never tyrannical;
 But ever true.

SONG XXII. *Gently touch the warbling
Lyre*

S*Trephon* when you see me fly,
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often shy
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not stay.
Did I out of Hatred run,
Lest you'd be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a Trial bear?
Who, that such a Swain did see,
Who could love and flye like me?
Cruel duty bid me go,
Gentle Love commands me stay;
Duty's still to Love a Foe,
Shall I this, or that obey!
Duty frowns and *Cupid* smiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.
Ever by these Chrystal Streams
I could sit and hear thee sigh:
Ravish'd with these pleasing Dreams.
Oh! 'tis worse than Death to flye:
But the Danger is so great,
Fear gives Wings, instead of Hate.
Strephon, leave me, if you love me,
If you stay I am undone;
Oh! with ease you may deceive me,
Prithee, charming Swain, begone:
Heav'n decrees that we should part,
That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

SONG XXIII. *Excuse me.*

GIRLS, besure, make Men secure,
 Be never coy in Carriage ;
 Put on each Grace, and taking Lure,
 And when he offers Marriage,
 Make no Refuses,
 And faint Excuses,
 But kindly hug the Proffer ;
 Let Inclination then prevail,
 And seeming Slight may turn the Scale,
 And she will die a Maiden stale.
 That ever refuses the Offer.

SONG XXIV. *False Philander.*

Farewell, thou False *Philander*,
 Since now from me you rove,
 And leave me here to wander,
 No more to think of Love :
 I must for ever languish,
 I must for ever mourn ;
 From Love I now am banish'd,
 And shall no more return.

Farewell, deceitful Traytor,
 Farewell thou perjur'd Swain ;
 Let never injur'd Creature,
 Believe your Vows again :
 The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain ;
 For now the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain.

SONG XXV. *Love's but the Frailty of
the Mind.*

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A sickly Flame, which, if not fed expires,
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming Fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the Conquest prize,
When I insult a Rival's Eyes;
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see,
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SONG XXVI. *Tell my Strephon that
I die.*

TELL my *Strephon* that I die,
Let Echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful Accents fly
To *Strephon's* Ear, and all is well.

But gently breath the fatal Truth,
And soften ev'ry harsher Sound;
For *Strephon's* such a tender Youth,
The softest Words too deep will wound.

Now Fountains, Echoes, all be dumb,
For should I cost my Swain a Tear,
I should repent it in my Tomb,
And grieve I bought my Rest so dear.

SONG XXVII. *Oh fie! what mean I.*

OH fie! what mean I, foolish Maid,
 In this remote and silent Shade,
 To meet with you alone?
 My Heart does with the Place combine,
 And both are more your Friends than mine:
 Oh! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear;
 Or, shou'd I meet with Villain's here,
 I to some Cave wou'd run:
 But such enchanting Arts you shew,
 I cannot strive, I cannot go:
 Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give those sweet Temptations o'er,
 I'll touch those dang'rous Lips no more—
 What, must we yet fool on?
 Ah! now I yield: ah! now I fall:
 And now I have no Breath at all:
 And now I'm quite undone.

I'll see no more your tempting Face,
 Nor meet you in this dangerous Place;
 My Fame's for ever gone.
 But Fame, to speak the Truth is vain,
 And every yielding Maid does gain,
 By being so undone.

In such a pleasing Storm of Bliss,
 To such a Bank of Paradise,
 Who wou'd not swiftly run?
 If you but Truth to me will swear,
 We'll meet again, nor do I care.
 How oft I am undone.

SONG XXVIII. *Whilst Strephon, in his
Pride of Youth.*

WHilst *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profess'd
Dissembled Passion, dress'd like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breast.

I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms ;
Deluded by his pleasing Art,
Transported with his Charms.

The Wanderer now I lose, or share
With every lovely Maid :
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd :

Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conquest gain ;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A thousand Tyrants reign.

SONG XXIX. *From Place to Place,
forlorn I go.*

FROM Place to Place, forlorn I go,
With down cast Eyes, a silent Shade ;
Forbidden to declare my Woe,
To speak, 'till spoken too, afraid.

Me, to the Youth who caus'd my Grief,
My too consenting Looks betray ;
He loves, but gives me no Relief,
Why speaks not he who may ?

SONG XXX. *What! put off with one Denial.*

WHAT! put off with one Denial?
 And not make a second Trial?
 You might see my Eyes consenting,
 All about me was relenting:
 Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
 Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish;
 When you tell us of our Anguish;
 To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
 When those Sorrows you are easing;
 We love to try how far Men dare,
 And never wish the Foe shou'd spare.

SONG XXXI. *With sighing and wishing.*

With sighing and wishing, and Green-sickness Diet,
 With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet;
 With a Granum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,
 But not the Specifick that suits my Complexion:
 The Flow'r of my Age is full-blown in my Face,
 Yet no Man considers my comfortless Case.

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,
 In the late Times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
 But now there is fighting, we are nothing but slighting,
 Few Gallants in conjugal Matters delighting:
 'Tis a shame that Mankind, should live killing and
 (slaying,
 And mind not supplying the Stock that's decaying.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a Season,
 When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* Reason;

Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,
That Killers of Men, to replenish the Store,
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more:

Enacted moreover, for better Dispatch,
That where a good Captain meets with an O'er-match;
His honest Lieutenant, with Soldier-like Grace,
Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place:
Thus Killers and Slayers of able good Men,
Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em again:

SONG XXXII. *If I love a Man, &c.*

IF I love a Man for his Money,
As many have done before,
Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
To Morrow he'll call me his Whore.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for loving's sake;
The sooner we Women agree,
The better's the Bargain we make.

Chuse you a dear Man that is kind,
That's generous, easy, and true,
And to keep him still in the same Mind,
Do you keep yourself in the same too.

If when he begins to change,
You fiercely the Fault reprove,
He may like others, out of Revenge,
He ne'er cou'd have lik'd out of Love.

To all his Follies be blind,
But mostly to that of roving;
When he is most cross, be you most kind,
And teach him to love you by loving.

If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
 A Kiss will soon heal the Sore ;
 But if not one Kiss, then try the next,
 And if not the next, the next Score.

Thus soften him by degrees,
 And bring him to your Lure :
 By pleasing him, yourself you may please,
 And when you've half lost him secure.

SONG XXXIII. *Boast not, &c.*

BOAST not, mistaken Swain, thy Art
 To please my partial Eyes ;
 The Charms that have subdu'd my Heart,
 Another may despise.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
 Another it may fright :
 Perhaps, by some fond Whim betray'd,
 In Odness I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confusion know,
 'Tis to my Love's Excess
 You all your fancied Beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
 You shou'd preserve my Fire :
 Since you, my Swain, no more will shine,
 When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd,
 The Wonder of your kind :
 But be not of your Judgment proud ;
 Whom Love has render'd blind.

SONG XXXIV. *Alone, by a Fountain,*

A Lone, by a Fountain,
I press the cold Ground,
Least the Rock and the Mountain
My Grief should resound.

For the Man that's so dear,
I'll never discover,
Least the Eccho should hear,
And repeat to my Lover.

The Pains that invade me
I never will tell,
Least the World should upbraid me
With loving too well.

If my Truth cannot move,
No Fondness I'll show;
'Tis enough that I love,
And too much he should know.

SONG XXXV. *She that wou'd gain a
constant Lover.*

SHE that wou'd gain a constant Lover,
Must at a Distance keep the Slave;
Not by a Look the Heart discover,
Men shou'd but guess the Thoughts we have.

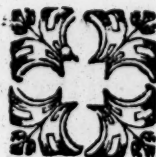
Whilst they're in doubt, their Flame increases,
And all attendance they will pay;
When we're possess'd, their Transport ceases,
And Vows, like Vapours fleet away.

SONG XXXVI. *O the Lads of Edinbro,*

O The Lads of *Edinbro*,
 They are blith and Jolly;
 Fine as Lairds from Top to Toe,
 Free fra Melancholy.
 Had I one wi'me to lig,
 I would be contented,
 I'd nae longer care a Fig
 What my Kin resented.

Willie he's a bonny Lad;
 O I wish he'd wed me!
 He shou'd ken Ise nea afraid
 When he gangs to bed me;
 A' Night long Ise ne'er complain,
 Tho' he jog'd me sprightly;
 But wad buckle too amain
 When he meant to flight me.

Mither she a Wife has been,
 Fourteen Bearn's she weaned,
 Time it is I shou'd begin,
 Nature she sae meaned.
 O some some Lad of *Edinbro*,
 Take me 'fore I'm fading;
 If you lag, the Fault's on you
 That I lig a Maiden.



SONG XXXVII. *Tho' Damon is haughty.*

THO' *Damon* is haughty, and seems to despise
 The Fetters he lately has worn;
 Yet he knows in his Soul, that his *Phillis's* Eyes,
 Were she willing, cou'd conquer his Scorn.
 Then let not presumption so blind thee, fond *Damon*,
 To think that this Humour shall e'er bring my Flame on

If he had been humble, obliging, and free,
 Perhaps I had pity'd his Pain;
 But since Pride and Inconstancy in him I see,
 He shall know he's but lengthen'd his Chain:
 For, now I perceive what the Fop does endeavour,
 My Arts shall detain him my Captive for ever.

SONG XXXVIII. *When Slaves, &c.*

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain;
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the Power to reign.

Think how unjust a Suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline;
 Your Freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, *Alexander*, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the Thing,
 That he, who once has been my Slave,
 Shou'd ever be my King.

SONG XXXIX. *When Lovers for Favours petition.*

WHEN Lovers for Favours petition,
 Oh then they approach with Respect;
 But when in our Hearts they've Admission,
 They treat us with Scorn and neglect;
 'Tis dang'rous ever to try them,
 So artful are Men to deceive,
 'Tis safer, much safer, to fly them,
 So easy are Maids to believe.

SONG XL. *Custom, alas! doth partial prove.*

CUSTOM, alas! doth partial prove,
 Nor gives us even Measure:
 To Maids it is a Pain to love,
 But 'tis to Men a Pleasure.

They freely can their Thoughts explain,
 Whilst ours must burn within:
 We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
 And Truth from us is Sin.

Men to new Joys and Conquests fly,
 And yet no Hazard run:
 Poor we are left if we deny;
 Or if we yield, undone.

Then equal Laws let Custom find,
 Nor either Sex oppress:
 More Freedom give to Womankind,
 Or give to Mankind less.

SONG XLI. Damon ask'd me but
once, &c.

Damon ask'd me but once, and I gave him Denial,
Intending to snap him the very next Tryal :
But, alas ! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Court to the fair *Leonore*.
But I'll have a good Heart: since I'm full well assur'd
He ne'er would have taken a Maid at her Word,
If he had been worth keeping ; for this I discover,
He that takes the first Nay, is a very cold Lover.
If deep were his Wound, if sincere were his Pain.
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again.
Then adieu, let him go ; for why should I vex ?
Since it he'd been serious, he'd allow'd for the Sex.

SONG XLII. Where is he gone whom
I adore ?

WHERE is he gone whom I adore ?
The God-like Man I see no more ?
Yet, without Rest, his Tyrant Charms
Rent in my Breast still new Alarms.

Assist, dear Honour, take my Part,
Or I am lost with all my Art ;
Tear this Idea from my Breast,
Tho' with it I am more than blest.

My Reason too, prepare your Arms,
Lest he return with greater Charms ;
Love's fatal and imprison'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart.

SONG XLIII. *Too plain, dear Youth, &c.*

TOO plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale Eyes
 My Heart your own declare ;
 But, for Heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Power to try,
 Nor further urge your Sway ;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

But cou'd your Art successful prove,
 Wou'd you a Maid undo,
 Whose greatest Failing is her Love,
 And that her Love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very Pow'r
 You from her Fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal Hour,
 A Life of spotless Fame ?

Ah ! cease, my Dear, to do an Ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather try your utmost Skill
 To save me than betray.

Be you your self my Virtue's Guard,
 Defend, and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a Task, for me too hard,
 To strive with Love and you.



SONG XLIV. *'Twas when the Seas
were roaring.*

TWAS when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blasts of Wind,
A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a Rock Reclin'd ;
Wide o'er the foaming Billows
She cast a wishful Look,
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days ;
Why did'st thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas !
Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest,
Ah ! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breast ?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair ;
But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To losing of my Dear !
Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain ?
Why then beneath the Water
Doth hideous Rocks remain ?
No Eyes those Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
 Repaid each Blast with Sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear,
 When o'er the wide Waves stooping,
 His floating Corps she spy'd;
 Then, like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG XLV. *Romp's Song.*

OH! I'll have a Husband, ay marry,
 For why should I longer tarry,
 For why should I longer tarry
 Than other brisk Girls have done?
 For if I stay
 'Till I grow grey,
 They'd call me old Maid,
 And fusty old Jade,
 So I'll no longer tarry,
 But I'll have a Husband, ay marry,
 If Money will buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming,
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 That I such vain Thoughts should shun;
 My Sisters they cry,
 O fie! and oh fie!
 But yet I can see,
 They're as coming as me;
 So let me have Husbands in plenty,
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG XLVI. *Tho' Ladies look gay, &c.*

TH^{O'} Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boast,
And Misers are envy'd, when Wealth is increas'd;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast,
And the Miser's a Wretch when he pays for the Feast.

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.

SONG XLVII. *How wretched is a
Woman's Fate.*

HOW wretched is a Woman's Fate,
No happy Change her Fortune knows;
Subject to Man in every State,
How can she then be free from Woes?

In Youth a Father's stern Commands,
And jealous Eyes controul her Will;
A lordly Brother watchful stands
To keep her closer Captive still.

The Tyrant Husband next appears,
With awful and contracted Brow;
No more a Lover's Form he wears,
Her Slave's became her Sov'reign now.

If from this fatal Bondage free,
And not by Marriage Chains confin'd;
She, blest with single Life, can see
A Parent fond, a Brother kind.

Yet

Yet Love usurps her tender Breast,
 And paints a Phœnix to her Eyes;
 Some darling Youth disturbs her Rest,
 And painful Sighs in secret rise.

Oh, cruel Powers, since you've design'd
 That Man, vain Man, shou'd bear the Sway,
 To a Slave's Fetters add a slavish Mind,
 That I may chearfully your Will obey.

SONG XLVIII. *Is there on Earth a
 Pleasure.*

IS there on Earth a Pleasure
 Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
 In vain's the real Treasure,
 When we have lost the Name.

Then let each Maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest Care;
 Once lost, she'll ne'er regain it,
 All, all is then Despair.





T H E

ADMIRING LOVER

*Forbear, th' Admirer cries, it's languid, faint,
Apelles only can a Venus Paint.*

SONG I. *When Fanny blooming Fair.*



WHEN *Fanny*, blooming Fair,
First caught my ravish'd Sight,
Pleas'd with her Shape and Air,
I felt a strange Delight,
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every Part,
And every Feature prais'd,
She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
Ten thousand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there,
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd,
With Colour all their own;
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
The lucky Hand of *Jove*;
Her Features all express
Theauteous Queen of Love,

What

36 *The ADMIRING LOVER.*

What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast
Of that too charming Maid
Rise, suing to be prest.

Venus round *Fanny's* Waste,
Has her own *Cestus* bound;
There guardian *Cupids* grace,
And dance the Circle round.
How happy must he be,
Who shall her Zone unlose?
That Bliss, to all but me,
May Heaven and she refuse:

SONG II. *Had I the World at my Com-*
mand.

OBSERVE the num'rous Stars which grace
The fair expanded Skies,
So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,
A thousand more her Eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire:
But when she speaks, she charms our Ears,
And sets our Souls on Fire.

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,
By Nature form'd so fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Despair.

She gazes all around her,
And gains a thousand Hearts;
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,
For she has all his Darts.

SONG III. *Waft me some soft, &c.*

B *Elinda's* blest with ev'ry Grace ;
 See Beauty triumphs in her Face :
 Her Charms such lively Rays display,
 They kindle Darkness into Day.
 When she appears, all Sorrow flies,
 And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes ;
 Around her wait the flutt'ring Loves,
 When graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG IV. *We all to conquering Beauty bow.*

W E all to conquering Beauty bow,
 It's pleasing Power admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a Face till now,
 That cou'd like yours inspire ;

Now I may say I met with one
 Amazes all Mankind ;
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet ;
 Like the divining Prophets, wise ;
 Like new-blown Roses, sweet :

Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free
 Each happy Night a Bride :
 A Mein like awful Majesty,
 And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to win a Wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never 'bought it long.

E

Al!l

Ah ! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

SONG V. Polwarth *on the Green.*

THO' Beauty like the Rose
 That smiles on *Polwarth Green*,
 In various Colours shows,
 As 'tis by the Fancy seen :
 Yet all its different Glories lie
 United in thy Face ;
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
 Gives Rays to every Grace.

So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Motion seems assign'd ;
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful Moments fly,
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray,
 She darteth from her Eye.

Kind Am'rous *Cupids*, while
 With tuneful Voice she sings,
 Perfume her Breath, and smile,
 And wave their balmy Wings :
 But as the tender Blushes rise,
 Soft Innocence doth warm,
 The Soul in blissful Extasies
 Dissolveth in the Charm.

SONG VI. Sally in our Alley.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly Charmer,
 See how with all the Arts and Wiles,
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
 Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures;
 There Love in smiling Language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Power,
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish;
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my Anguish.
 But ease, oh Charmer! ease my Care,
 And let my Torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the Fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

SONG VII. *Chloe* sure the Gods above.

CHLOE, sure the Gods above
 For our Joys did you compose,
 Graceful as the Queen of Love.
 Wanton as the billing Dove,
 Fragrant as the blowing Rose.

Wit and Beauty both we find
 Striving which shall arm you most:
 Doubly, *Chloe*, thus you bind,
 Had not Nature made you kind,
 We, alas! were doubly lost.

SONG VIII. *Charming Flavia, &c.*

CHarming *Flavia* cast your Eyes
On the Slave that's at your Feet,
See he panting, trembling Lies,
'And dare not rise 'till you think fit.

But rather, *Flavia*, let him lie !
When he, ambitious Slave, is dead,
Kings will his happy State envy,
And wish they in his Place had laid.

Then since to die at *Flavia's* Feet,
Can thus from Monarchs Envy move ;
How blest the Youth ! whom she doth meet,
In all the Extasies of Love !

Oh ! were the mighty Bliss but mine,
Immortal *Jove* would envy me ;
'Midst heavenly Joys he would repine,
And own me far more blest than he.

SONG IX. *Thou only Charmer I admire.*

THOU only Charmer I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Desire,
Possessing thee I've greater Store,
Then were I Lord of *Indian's* Shore.

Were every other Woman free,
And in the World no Man but me,
I'd single thee from all the rest,
To sweeten Life and make me blest.

SONG X. *So num'rous Flavia's Charms
appear,*

SO num'rous *Flavia's* Charms appear,
As may her Form display
In all the Dresses of the Year,
And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and serene, like *Spring* her Air;
Like *Autumn*, soft her Mold;
Her Face like *Summer*, blooming fair;
Her Heart like *Winter*, cold

Her Bosom, *Cynthia's* full-orb'd Light;
Her Cheeks, *Noon's* Ray adorn;
Her Tresses shew the falling *Night*;
Her Eyes the, rising *Morn*.

SONG XI. *My Goddess, Lydia, &c:*

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
As Lilly sweet, as soft as Air,
Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
And to my Love give fresh Alarms,

O! let me gaze on those bright Eyes,
Tho' sacred Lightning from them flies,
Show me that soft, that modest Grace,
Which paints with charming red thy Face.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine
And make the Pleasure all divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing white,
 (The milkey way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress
 With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple Flood,
 Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
 Thou art all over endless Charms;
 O take me dying to thy Arms.

SONG XII. Cloe *when I, &c.*

CHLOE when I view thee smiling,
 Joys celestial round me move,
 Pleasing Visions Care beguiling,
 Guard my State and crown my Love.

To behold thee gaily shining,
 Is a Pleasure past designing,
 Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight.
 But, O Heav'ns! when I'm caressing,
 Thrilling Raptures never ceasing,
 Fill my Soul with soft Delight.
 O! thou lovely dearest Creature!
 Sweet Enslaver of my Heart;
 Beauteous Master-piece of Nature,
 Cause of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
 To dissolving Bliss convey me,
 Softly sooth my Soul to rest;
 Gently, kindly, oh my Treasure!
 Bless me, let me die with Pleasure,
 On thy panting snowy Breast.

SONG XIII. *Wou'd fate to me Belinda
give.*

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies,
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets that first appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown.

You warbling Chaunters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays, 1
Thinking your Passion's understood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praise;
When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise;

You glorious Trifles of the East,
Whose Estimations Fancies rise,
Pearls, Rubies, Sapphres and the rest
Of glitt'ring Gems: What is your Praise,
When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays?

So when my Princess shall be seen
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen;
Tell me if she was not design'd
To Eclipse the Glory of her Kind?

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring,
Unto her Breath for sweetness run,
The Di'mond's darkn'd in the Ring,
If she appear the Moon's undone,
As in the Presence of the Sun.

SONG XIV. *Phillis has charming Graces,*

P*hillis* has such charming Graces,
 Beauty triumphs in her Eye:
 She was made for the Embraces
 Of some mighty Deity.
Phillis has such charming Graces,
 I must love her though I die.

Have a Care, celestial Creature,
 Coyness may your Beauty pall;
 You an Angel are by Nature;
 Angels by their Pride lost all.
 Have a Care, celestial Creature,
 Lest I triumph in your Fall.

SONG XV. *In Cloris all soft, &c.*

I*N Cloris* all soft Charms agree,
 Inchanting Humour, pow'rful Wit:
 Beauty from Affectation free,
 And for eternal Empire fit.
 Where'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women envy, Men adore;
 But, did she less the Triumph prize,
 She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
 She begs, what none else wou'd deny her;
 Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
 The Hopes she gives prevents Desire;
 Catches at every trifling Heart,
 Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame;
 The common Prey so deads the Dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble Game.

I cou'd lie Ages at her Feet,
 Adore her, careless of my Pain,
 With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
 Despair, love on, and not complain.
 My Passion from all Change secure,
 No Favours raise, no Frown controuls,
 I any Torment can endure,
 But hoping with a Crowd of Fools:

SONG XVI. *With Virtues, Loves, &c.*

WITH Virtues, Loves, and Graces join'd,
 Not *Eve* in *Eden* e're she sin'd,
Clarissa's various Charms out-Shin'd,
 And rais'd more Admiration.
 Her Stature, Shape, her Mein and Air,
 Her Bosom, Breasts, her Neck and Hair,
 Her Eyes so bright, and Face so fair,
 Are traughted with Temptation.

Ye Sages, say, by Flesh and Blood,
 How can such Beauties be withstood?
 What Hermit wou'd not, if he cou'd,
 To Wantonness persuade her?
 But round her Stock of Innocence,
 The flaming Sword of Wit and Sense,
 Turns every Way, in her Defence,
 Against the bold Invader.

O fairest of the fairest Kind,
 Thou perfect Person. purest Mind,
 Behold an amorous Swain resign'd
 Entire at your Devotion.
 My Passion's bound by Virtue's Slave!
 No lawless Boon I'll dare to crave,
 Nor indiscreetly misbehave,
 Tho' all my Soul's in Motion.

Yet

Yet, whilst I melt in tender Sighs,
 O let soft Pity meet my Eyes,
 and gently treat the Sacrifice
 Your Charms have made so willing.
 While due Decorum I maintain,
 O kindly use your Love-sick Swain;
 Sustain my Hopes, however vain,
 For Frowns from you were killing.

When thus in sacred Friendship blest,
 Each shall create in th' other's Breast
 A Pleasure not to be exprest,
 Nor felt by foolish Rovers.
 How gently then will Life decay,
 And Time unheeded steal away
 In Conversation good and gay,
 Becoming virtuous Lovers?

SONG XVII. *A Beauteous Fate, &c.*

A Beauteous Face, fine Shape, engaging Air,
 With all the Graces that adorn the Fair
 If these cou'd fail their so accusom'd Parts,
 And not secure the Conquest of our Hearts,
Sylvia has yet a vast Reserve in store,
 At sight we love, but Hearing must adore.

There falls continual Musick from her Tongue,
 The Wit of *Sappho*, with her artful Song;
 From *Syrens* thus we lose the Pow'r to fly,
 We listen from the Charm and stay to die,
 Ah! lovely Nymph, I yield, I am undone,
 Your Voice has finish'd what your Eyes begun.

SONG XVIII. *Forgive, fair Creature,
form'd to please.*

Forgive, fair Creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Desire:
Those Charms, those Virtues, when he sees,
How can he see and not admire.

While each the other still improves,
The fairest Face, the fairest Mind;
Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

SONG XIX. *Lady Stairs's Delight.*

WHEN *Elismonda* shews her Face,
The killing Air, the melting Grace,
A thousand Lovers round her fly,
A thousand on her Beauties die.

In her smooth Cheeks are gaily spread
The Lilly's White, the Rose's Red,
But never Odours of the Spring,
Such Incense as her Breath could bring.

What Raptures does her Voice dispense!
How soft the Sounds, how strong the Sense!
The Sweetness reconciles the Smart,
And while it conquers, mends the Heart:

When other Dangers bend the Bow;
We flie the Field, or fight the Foe;
But here a different Turn is found,
We court the Dart, and kiss the Wound.

SONG XX. *Sweet are the Charms of
her I love.*

CHLORIS, I cannot say your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize ;
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace ;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a Part Injustice were.

No drowning Man can know which Drop
Of Water his last Breath did stop :
So when the Stars in Heav'n appear,
And join to make the Night look clear,
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united Work of all.

He that doth Lips or Hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more ;
But I love all and ev'ry Part,
And nothing else can ease my Heart :
Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

SONG XXI. *Without Affectation, &c*

Without Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty ;
Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty
Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free ;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be,

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise ;
But her Thoughts and her Words, and her Actions
are such,
That none can admire them, or praise them too much

SONG XXII. *Tell me, dear Charmer, &c.*

TELL me, dear Charmer, tell me why
 All other Joys so quickly cloy,
 All but the Joys of loving thee,
 And they alone immortal be?
 They neither dull the Mind nor Sense,
 Nor lose their pleasing Influence.

For ever I, with fierce Desire,
 Cou'd gaze on thee, and never tire;
 My ravish'd Ears cou'd all Day long
 Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue;
 And when that fails, yet still in you
 I something find that's ever new.

SONG XXIII. *Divine Cecilia, now
 grown old.*

Divine *Cecilia*, now grown old,
 Must yield to one of fresher Mold.
 Her Strains brought Angels down to hear,
 And listen with a ravish'd Ear.

But here such Harmony of Shape,
 Might tempt them to another Rape;
 And make them leave their Heav'n behind,
 To wed the Daughters of Mankind.

There needs no Angel from the Skies,
 A real Goddess charms our Eyes;
 As *Venus* to *Æneas* prov'd,
 So look'd, so talk'd, so smil'd, so mov'd.

F

When

50 *The ADMIRING LOVER.*

When *Purcel*'s melting Notes she sings,
 Applauding *Cupids* clap their Wings,
 Mistake her for their *Cyprian* Dame,
 Her Infant too for one of them.

She graceful leads the dancing Choir,
 As smooth as Air, as quick as Fire;
 Now rising like the bounding Roe,
 Now sinks as Flakes of feather'd Snow.

In sacred Story may be read,
 How dancing cost St. *John* his Head;
 We here expose a nobler Part,
 For sure no Head is worth a Heart.

SONG XXV. *Liberia's all my Thought and Dream.*

L *Iberia's* all my Thought and Dream,
 She's all my Pleasure and my Pain;
Liberia's all that I esteem,
 And all I fear is her Disdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
 Please beyond all I felt before;
 Oh! why can't I admire her less?
 Or, dear *Liberia*, love me more.

Like Stars all other female Charms
 Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast mine Eye;
 For she's the only Sun that warms,
 With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whose Work divine,
 Inspires my Soul with so much Love,
 Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,
 And then I share your Joys above.

SONG XXV. *Who wou'd not, &c.*

WHO wou'd not gaze away his Heart
On *Mariana's* Eyes;
Did not her high and just Disdain
The bold Delight chastise?

Mirth and Joy she spreads around,
Like the Sun's chearful Light,
When his returning Beams destroy
The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement strikes,
(If with no more) the old;
Her Virtues temper with Despair
The Youthful and the Bold.

Her Goodness so disarms her Wit
Of the offensive Part;
Whilst others only charm the Ear,
She steals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
But learn to praise again;
Bright *Mariana's* Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring
Restores their wanted Voice;
On ev'ry Bough they sit and sing,
And court their new-made Choice.



SONG XXVI. *Transporting Cloe, &c.*

TRansporting *Cloe*, lovely fair,
 How beauteous do thy Charms appear,
 When smiling Graces from thee spring?
 A thousand *Cupids* in thy Eyes,
 To touch the Heart with sweet Surprise,
 Their Bows with Vigour string.

Goddeſs of immortal Pleaſure,
 In thy Arms is Beauty's Treafure :
 Charming Rays around thee ſhine,
 Roſes in thy Cheeks are blowing,
 Muſick from thy Accents flowing ;
 Love creates thee all divine.

SONG XXVII *Fooliſh Mortal, pray be
 eaſy.*

WHilſt I fondly view the Charmer,
 Thus the God of Love I ſue ;
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do ;
 Of a thouſand Smiles bereave her,
 Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes ;
 The Remainder ſtill will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion,
 Still in ev'ry Breſt will move,
 More is Supererogation
 Mere Idolatry of Love :
 You may dreſs a World of *Cloes*,
 In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare :
 Hear him *Cupid*, who no Foe is
 To your Altars, or the Fair.

SONG XXVIII. *Tweed Side.*

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed* ;
Yet *Moggy's* still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed :
Nor Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently through those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linner, the Lark, and the Thrush ;
The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove.
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day,
Does *Moggy* not tend a few Sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial Kifs.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare ;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell ;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray ?
O ! tell me at Noon where they feed ?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

SONG XXIX. *Cecilia when, &c.*

CECILIA when with artful Note
 You charm th' attentive Ear ;
 And warble from your tuneful Throat
 What Seraphims might hear,

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,
 And dwells upon the Sound :
 So Syrens draw the list'ning Throng,
 And please them while they wound.

SONG XXX. *All in the Downs.*

YOUNG *Annie's* budding Graces claim
 Th' inspir'd Thought, and softest Lays,
 And kindle in the Breast a Flame,
 Which must be vented in her Praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen,
 E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
 When she appears, take the Alarm ;
 Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
 And wings an Arrow from each Charm :
 Around her Eyes and Smiles, the Graces sport,
 And to her snowy Neck and Breast resort.

But vain must ev'ry Caution prove,
 When such enchanting Sweetness shines ;
 The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
 And wonder, though he hopeless pines.
 Such Flames the foppish Butterfly should shun,
 The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

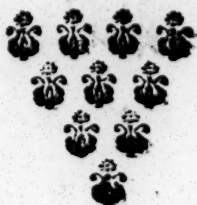
She's as the opening Lilly fair,
 Her lovely Features are compleat :
 Whilst Heav'n, indulgent, makes her share
 With Angels, all that's wise and sweet.
 These Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
 Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
 Or sparkles in the airy Town,
 O happy he ! her favour gains ;
 Unhappy, if she on him frown.
 The Muse, unwilling, quits the lovely Theme,
 Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

SONG XXXI: *Ye Minutes, &c.*

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour
 And *Cloe* blushing to the Bow'r ;
 Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
 Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more :
 Both, *Cloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
 For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A Guilty is a false Embrace,
Corina's Love's a Fairy Chase :
 Begone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
 And all that can't survive Desire :
Cloe my Reason moves, and Awe,
 And *Cupid* shot me when he saw.



SONG XXXII. *When first Pastora, &c.*

WHEN first *Pastora* came to Town,
 The fresh Desires of every Heart,
 Her Innocence so fenc'd her own,
 She laught at *Cupid* and his Dart.

Her Looks might all the World enflame,
 Themselves, yet cold as freezing Snow :
 Which the bold Hand that thinks to tame,
 Soon with unusual Heat will glow.

As when a Comet does appear,
 We Stars and Moon no more respect,
 So while *Pastora* guides our Sphere,
 All former Beauties we neglect.

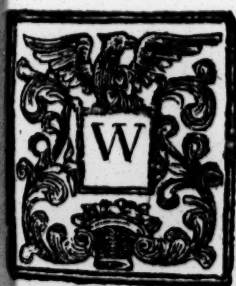




THE
SLIGHTED LOVER.

*Since hang'd in Hymen's Noose I must not be,
This Noose shall tie me up to yonder Tree.*

SONG I. *Why will Flora, when I gaze.*



HY will *Flora*, when I gaze,
My ravish'd Eyes reprove ?
And hide them from the only Face,
They can behold with Love ?

To shun her Scorn, and ease my Care,
I seek a Nymph more kind ;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentle Usage find.

But Oh ! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part ?
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where ;
Yet languish for their native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

SONG

SONG II. *Ah stay! ah turn! &c.*

AH stay! ah turn! ah whither would you flee,
 Too charming, too relentless Maid!
 I follow not to conquer, but to die;
 You of the Fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for she, like fleeting Air,
 When prest by some tempestuous Wind,
 Flies swifter from the Noise of my Despair,
 Nor casts one pitying Look behind.

SONG III. *When first I saw those Lips
 those Eyes.*

IF from the Lustre of the Sun,
 To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
 In vain is all your Haste, Sir;
 But if your Feet reverse the Race,
 The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
 And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
 Some scornful *Chloe* you pursue,
 In hopes to overtake her;
 Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
 But look upon't ——— as cold as she,
 And seemingly forsake her.

So I and *Laura* t'other Day,
 Were coursing round a Cock of Hay,
 While I could ne'er o'er get her.
 But when I found I ran in vain,
 Quite tir'd, I turned back again,
 And flying from her, met her.

SONG IV. *Peggy I must love thee.*

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
 Without Hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief —
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him.
 This Love, that fires my faithful Heart,
 By all but thee's commended.
 O! wouldst thou act so good a Part,
 My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd Tenderness all over;
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing Lover.
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin's* Care e'er move thee,
 Yet, 'till Life's latest Breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

SONG V. *Cloe be wise, no more perplex me.*

Cloe be wise, no more perplex me,
 Slight not my Love at such a rate;
 Should I your Scorn return, 'twould vex you,
 Love, much abus'd, will turn to Hate,

How

How can so lovely fair a Creature
 Put on the Looks of cold Disdain;
 Women were first design'd by Nature
 To give a Pleasure, not a Pain.

Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,
 When other Charms are fled away;
 Think then the Time you now are wasting.
 Throw off those Frowns, and Love obey.

SONG VI. *Gallowshiels.*

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish;
 To bear the scornful Fair One's Hate,
 Nor dare disclose his Anguish.
 Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
 My secret Soul discover,
 While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes,
 Reveal how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
 O'erspread with rising Blushes,
 A thousand various Ways they speak,
 A thousand various Wishes:
 For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless Blush and modest Air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee.
 Then when thy tedious Hours are past,
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Feet to breath my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven.

SONG VII. *Peggy grieves me.*

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my amorous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there past, I'm not to blame.
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet new she scornful flees the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shows Disdain.
 And looks as ne'er acquainted,
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 It's Sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
 Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.
 If not my Love will turn Despair,
 My Passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG VIII. *Around the Plains.*

AROUND the Plains my Heart has rov'd,
 The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd,
 The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd,
 And kindly fill'd my Arms.
 I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
 While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
 And e're the Kind with Kindness cloy'd,
 The Coy resign'd her Charms.

But now, alas ! those Days are done,
 The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
 Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
 Yet leaves her Image here.
 O could I, yet, her Heart recal,
 Before her Feet, my Pride would fall,
 And for her Safe, forsaking all,
 Wou'd fix for ever there.

SONG IX. *Ab Phillis ! why are you less
tender.*

AH Phillis ! why are you less tender
 To my despairing *Amore* !
 Your Heart you have promis'd to *tendre*,
 Do not deny the *Retour* :
 My Passion I cannot *defendre*,
 No, no, Torments encrease *tous le Jours*.

- To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
 Can you expect my *Devoir* !
 Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
 And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir* !
 Those Eyes which were once agreeable,
 Now, now, are Fountains of black *Desospire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,
 Adieu *les Plaisirs des beaux Jours* ;
 My *Phyllis* appears at a *Distance*,
 And flights my unfeigned *Efforts* :
 To return to her Vows *impossible*,
 No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

SONG X. *The Sun had just, &c.*

THE Sun had just withdrawn his Fires,
 And *Phæbe* shone with milder Ray,
 When *Thyrsis* to the Grove retires,
 As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
 His aching Head the Cowslips press,
 His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
 At last gave way to this Address ;

O Queen, that guid'lt the silent Hours,
 It e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,
 By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,
 Restore me *Rosalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I send,
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind,
 Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,
Venus is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold these Cheeks, how pale, how wan !
 That once were grac'd with rosie Pride :
 Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone,
 My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
 That *Phebus* self has strung my Lyre ;
 Since *Plutus*, worthless God, prevails,
 And only fordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale that pines with Love,
 With melting Notes does grief suspend ;
 Me Verse, nor sweetest Sounds can move,
 My Torments she alone can end.

But hark, the Raven's direful Croak,
 Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shrick
 In frightful Consort Fate have spoke ;
 Alas ! my Love-sick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste, away,
 And see your Victim prostrate lye ;
 I faint, I can no longer stay,
 O *Rosalind*, for thee I die !

SONG XI. *Celia, that I once was blest.*

CELIA, that I once was blest
 Is now the Torment of my Breast ;
 Since to cure me, you bereave me
 Of the Pleasure I possess :
 Cruel Creature to deceive me,
 First to love, and then to leave me.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
 I then had never known the want ;
 But possessing once the Blessing,
 Is the Cause of my Complaint.
 Once possessing, is but tasting,
 'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Celia now is mine no more,
 But I am her's and must adore ;
 Not to leave her will endeavour,
 Charms, that Captiv'd me before,
 No Unkindness can dissolve ;
 Love that's true, is Love for ever.

SONG XII. *We'll all to conquering Beauty bow.*

WHY flies *Belinda* from my Arms!
Or shuns my kind Embrace?
Why does she hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forsake the Place.

Like some poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does so surprize;
In the least Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noise.

Leave, leave, thy Mother's Arms, for Shame!
Nor fondly hang about her;
Thou'rt now of Age to play the Game,
And ease a Lover's Pain without her.

SONG XIII. *When wilt thou break,
my stubborn Heart?*

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn Heart?
O Death, how slow to take my Part!
Whatever I pursue, denies,
Death, Death it self, like *Myra* flies.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess
At the same fatal Birth my Breast;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my destin'd Lot could fall.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

66 *The SLIGHTED LOVER.*

That, without Hope, 'twon'd die as soon,
A little Hope——But I have none :
On Air the poor Camelions thrive ;
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow, in spite of Winds, and spread ;
The more the Tempest tears and shakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Despair that Aconite does prove,
And certain Death to others Love,
That Poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turn to Food.

O ! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart ?
Like sad *Prometheus*, thus to lie
In endless Pain, and never die.





THE
MODEST LOVER.

*While thus dissolv'd in Sleep fair Cælia lies,
The modest Lover feasts his longing Eyes.*

SONG I. *Mistake not, Cælia, the Design.*

MISTAKE not, *Celia*, the Design,
When I your Worth proclaim;
Or dedicate a Verse of mine,
To your distinguish'd Name.

The Muses were ordain'd, to shew
The Glories of your Sex;
Then why shou'd what is sung of you,
Your modest Mind perplex.

As Thoughts of you, my Muse takes Wing,
My tender Bosom warms:
Indulge me then with Leave to sing,
Or lay aside your Charms.

No grateful Answer I desire,
No Favours I implore;
'Tis all I want, or will require,
Allow me to adore.

SONG

SONG II. *Stay, Shepherd, stay, I pr'y
thee stay.*

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire
To wish for that no Crown can buy ;
'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire
What she in Honour will deny.

As *Indians* do the Eastern Skies,
I at a Distance must adore
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG III. *I look'd, and I sigh'd, &c.*

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
For I very fain wou'd have been at her;
But when I strove most my Passion to break,
Still then I said least of the Matter.

I swore to my self, and resolv'd I wou'd try
Some Way my poor Heart to recover ;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear *Celia* be kind then ; and since your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration ;
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd speak
The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

SONG IV. *Say, cruel Armoret, how long.*

SAY, cruel *Armoret*, how long
In Billet-doux, and humble Song,
Shall poor *Alexis* woo?
If neither writing, sighing, dying,
Reduce you to a soft Complying,
O! when will you come to?

Full thirteen Moons are now pass'd o'er,
Since first those Stars I did adore,
That set my Heart on Fire:
The conscious Play-house, Parks, and Court,
Have seen my Sufferings made you Sport,
Yet was I ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover shou'd deserve,
A better Fate than thus to starve,
In Sight of such a Feast.
But oh! if you'll not think it fit
Your hungry Slave should taste one Bit;
Give some kind Looks at least.

SONG V. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,
my Dear.*

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly,
With careless Ease from Tree to Tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine encreas'd their Stream;
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught ;
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire,
 Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast,
 Does every Doubt controul ;
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confest,
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
 Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
 Ye close Retreats of Love ;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the dear Design ;
 O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair ;
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the Passion of my Mind,
 Is mixt with soft Distress ;
 But while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

SONG VI. *My Goddess, Celia, Heavenly Fair.*

IT is not that I love you less
 Than when before your Feet I lay ;
 But to prevent the sad Encrease,
 Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every Thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those Shafts to shun,
Which *Phœbus* thro' his Veins has shot.

Too late he would the Pain assuage,
And to thick Shadows does retire ;
About with him he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd Servant trouble you :
For if I break, you may mistrust
The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG VII. *Young Damon, once the hap-
piest Swain.*

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains,
(Heaven guard from *Cupid's* Bow !)
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal Cause they seek :
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their Friendly Tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda

Clorinda came amongst the rest,
 And she too, kind Concern exprest,
 And ask'd his Cause of Woe :
 She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
 And will you pardon me he said,
 While I the Truth reveal,
 Which nothing from my Breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your Ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appeared on the Plain,
 You are my Cause of Care :
 Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 Yet pardon you, she cry'd :
 But you shall promise ne'er again,
 To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd,

SONG VIII. *When Delia on the Plain
 appears.*

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender Fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move,
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

Whenever

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other Voice, but her's can hear,
No other Wit, but her's approve,
Tell me my Heart if this be Love.

If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend ;
That Instant, Enemy I prove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all, that pleas'd before !
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

SONG IX. *Gently touch the warbling
Lyre.*

IF *Corinna* would but hear
What impatient Love cou'd say,
She would banish idle Fear,
And with ease his Laws obey ;
She would soon approve the Song,
Like the Voice, and bless the Tongue.

Since to Silence I'm confin'd,
Sighs and Ogles must declare,
What torments my thoughtful Mind ;
How I wish, and how despair :
All the Motions of my Heart,
Sighs and Ogles must impart.

SONG X. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

WERE I to chuse the greatest Blis
 That e'er in Love was known,
 'Twould be the highest of my wish,
 'T' enjoy her Heart alone.

Kings might possess their Kingdoms free.
 And Crowns unenvy'd wear,
 They should no Rival have of me,
 Might I reign a Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
 But whisper out my Love,
 And prove but half so kind as fair,
 My Sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, Oh ! let us happy be,
 Unite our Hearts in Love,
 I'd change not such Felicity,
 For all the Joys above,

SONG XI. *When first I saw her, &c.*

WHEN first I saw her graceful move,
 Ah me, what meant my throbbing Breast?
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love?
 If Love thou art, then farewell Rest !

Since doom'd I am to love the Fair,
 Tho' Hopeless of a warm Return:
 Yet kill me not with cold Despair;
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle Smiles assuage the Pain,
Those gentle Smiles did first create ;
And though you cannot love again,
In pity, oh ! forbear to hate.

SONG XII. *Bacchus one Day gayly striding*

CHarming *Cloe*, look with Pity
On your faithful, Love-sick Swain :
Hear, oh hear his doleful Ditty,
And relieve his mighty Pain :
Find you musick in his sighing,
Can you see him in Distress,
Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind Redress.

Strephon woo'd by lawless Passion,
For no Favours rudely sues ;
All his Flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient Honour from him woo's.
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition.
Say at least you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight so true, and kind a Lover,
Cloe, might not *Strephon* smile ?
Yes: well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid ;
Strephon, conscious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.



SONG XIII. *Where would coy Aminta run.*

WHERE would coy *Aminta* run,
 From a despairing Lover's Story ?
 When her Eyes have Conquests won,
 Why should her Ear refuse the Glory ?
 Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain,
 Be forbidden to complain ?

Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
 Let her Looks her Love deny me ;
 Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
 Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief ;
 Much to Love, and much to Pray,
 Is to Heaven the only Way.

SONG XIV. *I did but look, &c.*

I Did but look and love a while,
 'Twas but for one half Hour ;
 Then to resist I had no Will,
 And now I have no Power.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease ;
 Sighs, which do Heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
 Yet cannot warm your Heart.

Oh ! wou'd your Pity give my Heart
 One Corner of your Breast ;
 'Twould learn of your's the winning Art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

SONG XV. *Tho', Phyllis, &c.*

THO', *Phyllis*, you scorn my Address,
 Preferring a Rattle that's vain;
 Yet know 'tis Respect in Excess,
 My Freedom of Speech does restrain:
 O cruel! consider my Fire
 Burns fiercer the more 'tis depress'd,
 While his in a Flash does expire;
 He talks of a Passion in jest.

How oft I've resolv'd when alone,
 In fittest Words then I cou'd choose,
 My Affection so true to make known;
 But Speech in your Presence I lose:
 Still what I am going to say,
 Seems foolish, ridiculous Stuff;
 My Thoughts in a Chaos do play;
 No Expressions are worthy enough.

O, Fairest, your Servant believe,
 This is of true Love the Effect;
 And what greater Proof can he give?
 For where there is Love, there's Respect.
 All Scholars in young *Cupid's* School
 The Rhet'rick of Tongues still despise;
 'Tis in am'rous Converse a Rule,
 To talk the soft Language of Eyes.

SONG XVI. *Phyllis, Men say that all
 my Vows,*

PHYLLIS, Men say that all my Vows
 Are to thy Fortune paid:
 Alas! my Heart he little knows,
 Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all these Woods the Lord,
 One Berry from thy Hand
 More real Pleasure wou'd afford.
 Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
 On what the nicest Maid,
 Without a conscious Blush, may give
 Beneath a Myrtle-shade.

Of costly Food it hath no need,
 And nothing will devour :
 But, like the harmless Bee, can feed,
 And not impair the Flow'r.

A spotless Innocence like thine,
 May such a Flame allow ;
 Yet thy fair Name for ever shine,
 As doth thy Beauty now.

SONG XVII. *The Bird that hears her
 Nestlings cry.*

THE Bird that hears her Nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for Food,
 Returns impatient through the Sky,
 To nurse the callow Brood.

The tender Mother knows no Joy,
 But boads a thousand Harms,
 And sickens for the darling Boy,
 While absent from her Arms.

Such Fondness, with Impatience join'd,
 My faithful Bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,
 The Queen of my Desires !

The Powers of Verse, too languid prove,
 All Similies are vain,
 To show how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my Pain.

The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd,
 For Heaven and Joys divine,
 The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd,
 More pure, more warm, than mine.

I take what Liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more.
 Convey my Longings to the Fair,
 The Goddesses I adore,

SONG XVIII. *Tell me not, &c:*

TELL me not, I my Time mispend,
 'Tis Time lost to reprove me;
 Pursue thou thine, I have my End,
 So *Chloris* only love me.

Tell me not others Flocks are full,
 Mine poor, let them despise me,
 Who more abound with Milk and Wool,
 So *Chloris* only prize me.

Tire others easier Ears with these
 Unappertaining Stories;
 He never felt the World's Disease,
 Who car'd not for its Glories.

For Pity, thou that wiser art,
 Whose Thoughts lye wide of mine;
 Let me alone with my own Heart,
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him who e'er blames my Wit,
 That seeks no higher Prize,
 Than in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
 And sing of *Chloris*' Eyes.

SONG XIX. *As Celia near a Fountain
 lay.*

FOR many unsuccessful Years,
 At *Cynthia*'s Feet I lay ;
 Batt'ring them often with my Tears ;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
 No prostrate Wretch, before the Shrine
 Of some lov'd Saint above,
 E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
 Or paid more awful Love.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,
 With coy insulting Pride ;
 Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,
 Or turn'd her Head aside.
 Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
 Use more prevailing Charms ;
 You modest whining Fool, draw near,
 And clasp her in your Arms:

With eager Kisses tempt the Maid ;
 From *Cynthia*'s Feet depart ;
 The Lips he briskly must invade,
 That wou'd possess the Heart.
 With that I shook off all the Slave,
 My better Fortunes try'd ;
 When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
 What she for Years deny'd.

SONG XX. *A gentle Warmth comes, &c.*

A Gentle Warmth comes o'er my Heart,
Short pleasing Sighs to blow the Fire;
Beauty and Youth can ne'er want Art
To heighten eager Love's Desire.

I sigh, and she trembles,
Yet her Eyes shew some Joy,
Which she'd fain dissemble,
By seeming more coy,

Pr'ythee be no more coy,
Pr'ythee *Cynthia*, my Dear,
We were made to enjoy
The sweet Pleasure we fear.

SONG XXI. *As Clintor with Amelia sat,*

AS *Clintor* with *Amelia* sat,
He (simple Swain) in idle Chat,
And useless Talk, the Time mispent;
Which to their mutual, great Content,
(Had Modesty but left the Boy)
Had been employ'd in mutual Joy.

Her Lips, her Eyes, her Breasts he prais'd,
Whilst every Charm new Transports rais'd:
Transports—of Tongue; for that alone
Made all his Joys and Transports known,
Dull Joys! dull Transports! duller Boy!
That could such Time so ill employ:



SONG XXII. *Black Ey'd Susan.*

AT Break of Day, poor *Celadon*,
 Hard by his Sheep-folds walk'd alone;
 His Arms a-cross, his Head bow'd down
 His oaten Pipe beside him thrown;
 When *Thirsis* hidden in a Thicket by,
 Thus heard the discontented Shepherd cry;

What is it *Celadon* has done,
 That all his Happiness is gone!
 The Curtains of the Dark are drawn,
 And chearful Morn begins to dawn,
 Yet in my Breast 'tis ever dead of Night,
 That can admit no Beam or pleasant Light;

Yon pretty Lambs do leap and play,
 To welcome the new kindled Day,
 Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,
 Why is he not as frolick too!
 If such Disturbance th' Innocent attend,
 How differs he from them that dare offend!

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live;
 If I must die, why this Reprieve?
 If you would have me live, O why
 Is it with me as those that die!
 I faint, I gasp, I pant, my Eyes are set,
 My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

Ye Gods! I never did withhold
 The fattest Lamb of all my Fold,
 But on your Altars laid it down,
 And with a Garland did it crown.
 Is it in vain to make your Altars smoke?
 Is it all one, to please and to provoke?

Time was that I could sit and smile,
Or with a Dance the Time beguile ;
My Soul, like that smooth Lake, was still,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill ;
Like yonder stately Mountain clear and high
Swift, soft, and gay, as that same Butterfly,

But now within there's Civil War,
In Arms my rebel Passions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aside,
The Traytors now in Triumph ride ;
That many-headed Monster has thrown down,
Its lawful Monarch, Reason, from his Throne;

See, unrelenting *Sylvia*, see,
All this, and more, is long of thee ;
For e're I saw that charming Face,
Uninterrupted was my Peace ;
Thy glorious beamy Eyes have struck me blind,
To my own Soul the Way I cannot find.

Yet is it not thy Fault, nor mine,
Heav'n is to blame, that did not shine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy Days.
To *Sylvia* Beauty gave, and Riches Store,
All *Geladon's* Offence is, he is poor.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whose Love is fickle Fortune's Slave :
Those golden Days are out of Date,
When every Turtle chose his Mate :
Cupid, that mighty Prince, then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro's* bought and sold.

SONG XXIII. *At Noon, in a sun-shiny Day.*

AT Noon, in a sun-shiny Day,
The brightest Lady of the *May*,
Young *Cloris*, innocent and gay,
Set knotting in a Shade.

Each slender Finger play'd its Part,
With such Activity and Art,
As wou'd inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He saw no Anger in her Eye ;
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twist'd Ball :
But strait gave *Strephon* such a Call,
As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee ?
With Innocence I dare be free ;
By so much Truth and Modesty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap :
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er :
She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,
But, starting up, she said ;

Such Virtue shall rewarded be ;
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me :
Pursue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep ;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep,
By me, mistaken Maid.

SONG XXIV. *Over the Mountains.*

OVER the Mountains,
And over the Waves ;
Over the Fountains,
And under the Graves ;
Over Floods that are deepest,
Which *Neptune* obey ;
Over Rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the Way.

Wher there is no Place
For the Glow-worm to ly ;
Wher ther is no Space
For Receipt of a Fly ;
Wher the Midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay ;
But if Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his Way.

You may esteem him
A Child in his Force ;
Or you may deem him
A Coward which is worse :
But if she, whom Love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the Day,
Set a thousand Guards upon her,
Love will find out the Way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some to suppose him,
 Poor Thing, to be blind:
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind Love, if so you call him,
 He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle
 To stoop to your Fist;
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the East!
 The Lionsess, ye may move her
 To give over her Prey:
 But you'll never stop a Lover,
 He will find out his Way.





T H E
CONSTANT LOVER.

*If there's a Heaven in Love, as sure there is,
The Constant Lover merits all the Bliss.*

SONG I. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*



YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all Things here below ;
With a Passion far more great
Than e'er Creature loved yet ;
And yet still you cry forbear, &
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more ;

Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man :
Sileia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate ;
What makes me love, makes you to hate :
Silvia then do what you will,
Ease, or cure, torment, or kill ;
Be kind, or cruel, false, or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

SONG II. *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never ease my Pain?
 Must I die for every Feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The Desire of Admiration,
 Is the Pleasure you pursue;
 Prithee try a lasting Passion,
 Such a Love, as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,
 For a Lover ought to dare;
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy Ways befitting?
 Will my Dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women,
 Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
 And my desperate Thoughts encrease;
 Pray consider if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less.
 If your wandering Heart is beating,
 For new Lovers, let it be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a Day, and fix on me.

SONG III. *All thoughts of Freedom, &c.*

ALL Thoughts of Freedom are too late,
 Not any new fair Lady's Art,
 Nor both the *India's* Wealth, nor Fate
 Itself can disengage my Heart.

Not, which kind Heaven forbid ! your Hate,
And that which follows, proud Disdain,
My Passion cou'd at all abate,
But only make it last with Pain:

Thus all my Quiet does depend
On Hopes t'obtain a Smile from you ;
That so my Love, that knows no End,
May last with equal Pleasure too.

SONG IV. *Ianthe the lovely, &c.*

GIVE o'er, foolish Heart, and make haste to despair,
For *Daphne* regards not thy Vows, nor thy Pray'r:
When I plead for thy Passion, thy Pains to prolong,
She courts her Guittar, and replies with a Song ;
No more shall true Lovers thy Beauty adore ;
Were the Gods so severe, Men wou'd worship no more

No more will I wait, like a Slave, at thy Door,
I'll spend the cold Nights at thy Window no more ;
My Lungs in cold Sighs I no more will exhale,
Since thy Pride is to make me look sullen and pale.
No more sha' *Amyntas* thy Pity implore,
Were the Gods so ingrate, Men wou'd worship no more.

No more shall thy Frowns, or free Humour persuade,
To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made ;
When thy Saints so neglected their Follies give o'er,
Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more.
No more shall *Amyntas*, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in Pain,
When flatter'd by Hope, or oppress'd by Disdain ;
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright Eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.
No more, cruel Nymph, I will murmur no more ;
Did the Gods seem so fair, Men wou'd worship them more

SONG V. *The last time I came o'er the Moor.*

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
 I left my Love behind me ;
 Ye Gods ! what Pain do I endure,
 When soft Ideas mind me ?
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
 The Beaming Day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,
 In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shades we lay,
 Gazing and chaffly sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me :
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers may surround me,
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
 In Prospect of such Blissess.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
 To let a Rival enter ;
 Since she excels in every Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the Alps shall cover ;
 On Greenland's Ice shall Roses blow,
 Before I cease to love her.

SONG VI: *Sweet are the Charms of
her I love.*

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask Rose ;
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when *Zephir* blows,
Refreshing as descending Rains,
To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,
Constant as gliding Waters roll,
Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon :
From every other Charmer free,
My Life and Love shall follow thee:

The Lamb of flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid pursues ;
Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers,
With verdant Spring, her Notes renews :
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seasons rise ;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies ;
No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time with stealing Pace,
Makes lousy Oaks and Cedars bow ;
And Marble Towers, and Walls of Brass,
In his rude March he levels low :
But Time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Bleft above;
 Where known to all his kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born from Heaven together came;
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name:
 Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

SONG VIII. *Fair Cloe my Breast so
alarms.*

FAIR *Cloe* my Breast so alarms,
 From her Pow'r no Refuge I find;
 If another I take to my Arms,
 Yet my *Cloe* is then in my Mind.
 Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want,
 Which none but my *Cloe*, my *Cloe* can grant.

Let *Cloe* but smile, I grow gay,
 And I feel my Heart spring with Delight,
 On *Cloe* I could gaze all the Day,
 And *Cloe* do wish for all Night.

Oh! did *Cloe* know how I love,
 And the Pleasure of loving again,
 My Passion her Favour wou'd move,
 And in Prudence she'd pity my Pain:
 Good Nature and Int'rest shou'd both make her kind,
 For the Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find:

S O N G

SONG VIII. *Lost is my Quiet for ever.*

LOST is my Quiet for ever,
 Lost is my Life's happiest Part;
 Lost all my tender Endeavour
 To touch an insensible Heart.

But tho' my Despair is past curing,
 And much undeserved is my Fate;
 I'll shew by a patient Enduring,
 My Love is unmov'd as her Hate.

SONG IX. *Greenwood Tree.*

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Tho' you unjustly scorn:
 Since that poor Swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.

No, *Phyllis*, no, your Heart to move
 A surer Way I'll try:
 And to revenge my flighted Love,
 Will still love on, will love on, and die.

When kill'd with Grief *Amintas* lies;
 And you to mind shall call,
 The Sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The Tears that vainly fall.

That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
 Will then begin your Pain;
 For such a faithful, tender Heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

SONG X. *In vain, dear Cloe, you suggest.*

IN vain, dear *Cloe*, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer She :
 But if at once you wou'd be cur'd
 Of all the Ills you have endur'd,
 Look in your Glass and see.

If then you think that I can find,
 A Nymph more lovely, or more kind,
 You've Reason for your Tears :
 But if impartial you will prove,
 Both to your Beauty and my Love,
 How needless are your Fears ?

If in my Way I should, by Chance,
 Give or receive a wanton Glance,
 I like but whilst I view :
 How faint the Glance, how slight the Kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial Bliss
 I still receive from you ?

With wanton Flight the curious Bee,
 From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free ;
 And where each Blossom blows,
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
 And for his Quintessence of Sweets,
 He ravishes the Rose.

So I, my Leisure to employ,
 In each Variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roam,
 Perhaps see fifty in a Day ;
 They are but Visits which I pay,
 For *Cloe's* still my Home.

SONG XI. *Iris, your lovely fatal Eyes.*

IRIS, your lovely fatal Eyes
 Command such pow'rful Darts,
 No Wonder if you one despise,
 To wound a thousand Hearts.

But cou'd you guess the vast Delight,
 To constant Lovers known,
 You wou'd your thousand Conquests slight,
 And rule my Heart alone.

SONG XII. *Colin's Complaint.*

DEAR *Cloe*, while thus beyond Measure,
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an old Age of Pain :
 Your Maxim, That Love is but founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay ;
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve ;
 Your Sight and your Smiles are the Down,
Fruition's the Sun shine of Love :
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder :
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder ;

Together

Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old *Darby's* Pipe's out,
 His *Joan* will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother ;
 Then, what are the Charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow ;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The best of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 Which Sicknefs and Time can't remove ;
 For when Youth and Beauty are prst,
 And Age brings the *Winter of Love*,
 A Friendship insensible grows,
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these ;
 The Current of Fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

SONG XIII. *Dejected as true Converts*
die.

DEjected as true Converts die,
 But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd ;
 So, Fairest, at your Feet I lie,
 Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
 The Force of Love's almighty Flame ;
 And often did aloud deride
 His God-head, as an empty Name.

But since so freely I confess
 A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less,
 By any just and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue,
Variety was all my Bliss;
But ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before;
If once I look, but to despise
Their Charms, and value yours the more;

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I lose all, in losing thee.

SONG XIV. *Believe my Sighs, my
Tears, my Dear.*

Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Believe the Heart you've won:
Believe my Vows to you sincere,
Or, *Maggie*, I'm undone.
You say I'm fickle, and apt to change
At ev'ry Face that's new;
But, of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But ah! they kindled in a trice
A Flame which never dies.
Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Tho' you say that I am not true;
Of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG XV. *Gent'e Love, &c.*

GENTLE Love, this Hour befriend me,
 To my Eyes resign thy Dart ;
 Notes of melting Musick lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,
 Tho' I tender Language use ;
 'Tis by cold Indifference frozen
 To my Arms, and to my Love.

See my dying Eyes are pleading,
 See a broken Heart appears,
 For thy Pity interceeding
 The Eloquence of Tears.

Whilst the Lamp of Life is fading,
 And beneath thy Coldness dies,
 Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,
 Take my Soul into thy Eyes.



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JEALOUS LOVER.

*The Jealous Wretch detecting thus the Fair,
Changes his anxious Doubt to wild Despair.*

SONG I. *Away with Sorrow, &c.*

A

 WAY with Sorrow and Whining —
 Your Rival is mighty, 'tis true :
 But can there be Reason in Pining,
 While the Fair is constant to you ?

A

 What tho' she's in the midst of Danger,
 Virtue's the Shield of her Heart ;
 No Flatt'ry, no Threats, can change her,
 Who's Proof against Terror and Art.

A

 The honest, the innocent, Lover
 May rest, or travel, unarm'd :
 What Creature will venture to move her,
 By whom the Creation is charm'd ?

A

 When *Horace* was heedless straying,
 In his *Sabinian* Grove,
 A Wolf, intent upon preying,
 Pass'd, by and did Homage to Love.

SONG II. *Too lovely, cruel Fair.*

TOO lovely, cruel Fair,
 Can I the Torture bear
 To see thee flying?
 Must I behold those Charms
 Doom'd to another's Arms,
 While I am dying?

SONG III. *Oh conceal that charming Creature.*

OH conceal that charming Creature
 From my wond'ring, wishing Eyes!
 Every Motion, every Feature
 Does some ravish'd Heart surprize;
 But oh, I sighing, sighing, see
 The happy Swain! she ne'er can be
 False to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly show her,
 Ah! how wretched I remain;
 'Tis not, sure, a Thing below her,
 Still to pity so much Pain;
 The Gods some Pleasure, Pleasure take,
 Happy as themselves to make
 Those who suffer for their Sake.

Since your Hand alone was giv'n
 To a Wretch not worth your Care;
 Like some Angel sent from Heav'n,
 Come and raise me from Despair:
 Your Heart I cannot, cannot miss,
 And I desire no other Bliss;
 Let all the World besides be his.

SONG IV. 'Twas when the Seas were
roaring.

A Swain of Love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel Fate;
His Grief the Shepherds sharing,
In Circles round him sat:
The Nymphs in kind Compassion,
The luckless Lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the Passion,
A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

Oh! Friends! your Complaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Should *Cloe* but discover
For me you've shed a Tear,
Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendship soon subdue;
Too late you ask Forgiveness,
And for her Mercy sue.

Her Charms such Force discover,
Resistance is in vain;
Spite of yourself you'll love her,
And hug the galling Chain.
Her Wit the Flame increases,
And rivets fast the Dart;
She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But Oh! one more deserving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breast;
Her Heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest.
Their Love with Joy abounding,
The Thought distracts my Brain;
Oh! cruel Maid!—then swooning,
He fell upon the Plain.

SONG V. *Charming is your Shape and Air.*

CHarming is your Shape and Air,
 And your Face as Morning fair ;
 Coral Lips, and Neck of Snow,
 Cheeks, where op'ning Roses blow ;
 When you speak, or smile, or move,
 All is Rapture, all is Love.

But those Eyes, alas ! I hate !
 Eyes, that heedless of my Fate,
 Shine with undiscerning Rays ;
 On the Fopling idly gaze ;
 Watch the Glances of the Vain ;
 Meeting mine with cold Disdain.

SONG VI. *My dear Mistress, &c.*

MY dear Mistress has a Heart,
 Soft as a Rose kind Looks she gave me,
 When with Love's resistless Art,
 And her Eyes she did enslave me :
 But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild so apt to wander,
 That my jealous Heart would break,
 Should we live one Day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Bliss ;
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses :
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder ;
 But my jealous Heart would break,
 Should we live one Day asunder.

SONG VII. Collin's Complaint.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream,
A Shepherd despairing was laid;
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow supported his Head.
The Winds that blew over the Plain,
With a Sigh to his Sigh did reply;
And the Brook in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly Swain that I was,
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
She talk'd, and I blest her dear Tongue ;
When she smil'd it was Pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
Was Nightingal ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a Clown ?
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine Folks of the Town ?
To think that a Beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love ?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd ?
What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
The Virgins sit weeping around ?
Ah, *Collin* ! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign,
Thy Fair-one inclines to a Swain,
Whose Musick is sweeter than Thine.

All you my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid:
 Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground:
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day:
 While *Collin* forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd on or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

SONG VIII. *Swain, thy hopeless Passion smother.*

SWAIN, thy hopeless Passion smother,
 Perjur'd *Celia* loves another;
 In his Arms I saw her lying,
 Panting, kissing, trembling, dying;
 There the fair Deceiver swore,
 As she did to you before.

Oh!

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,
When that constant Creature leaves me,
Ifs' Waters back shall fly,
And leave their dozy Channels dry;
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;
Perjur'd *Celia* loves no more,

SONG IX. *What State of Life, &c.*

WHAT State of Life can be so blest,
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?
Two Souls in one, the same Desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require:
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

All other Iils, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Absence, or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain:
But ah, no cure but Death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousie:
O Jealousie! &c.

False in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the Fire of endless Night:
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light,
All Torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousie! &c.

SONG X. *Where-ever I am, &c.*

WHere-ever I am, and what ever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my Mind ;
 When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My Feet of themselves the Way find :
 Unknown to my self I am just at her Door,
 And when I wou'd Rail, I can bring out no more,
 Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind !

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,
 And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown :
 But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone :
 Sometimes a sweet Dream doth delude my sad Mind ;
 But alas ! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
 Then I sigh to my self all alone.

Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He shou'd offer his Treasure in vain :
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again :
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd ;
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love ;
 And she too well knows her own Pow'r :
 She makes me grow jealous each Hour.
 But tho' every Moment torments my poor Min.,
 I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.



SONG XI. *O Love what cruel Pangs, &c.*

O Love, what Cruel Pangs are these,
The cold Effect of Warm Desire,
Whose agonizing Tortures freeze,
Tho' sprung from your prevailing Fire.

Her Absence gave exceeding Pain ;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You, still resolv'd I shou'd complain,
With Jealousy augment my Grief.

Too bitter, is the Lover's part
When sever'd from his fair one's Eyes ;
But if he's banish'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Dispair, at once he dies.

SONG XII. *Through mournful Shades
and solitary Groves.*

Through mournful Shades and solitary Groves,
Fann'd with the Sighs of unsuccessful Loves,
Wild with Despair, young *Thyrsis* strays,
Thinks over all *Amyra's* Heavenly Charms,
Thinks he now sees her in another's Arms ;
Then at some Willows-Root himself he lays
The loveliest, most unhappy Swain ;
And thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

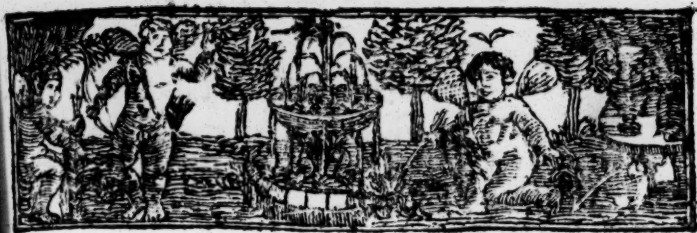
How art thou chang'd, O *Thyrsis*, since the Time,
When thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime ;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her shady Ev'ning Grove she past,
And a new Day did all around her cast ;
Could see, nor be offended at the Sight,
The melting, sighing, wishing Swain,
That now must never hope to wish again.

Riches

Riches and Titles ! why should they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail ?

Lovely *Amyra*, shoud'st thou prize
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes ;
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that bleeds for thee, and dies ?
Unkind ! but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the Slain.





THE
TENDER LOVER.

*When Tenderness and Love together join,
The most obdurate Beauty must resign.*

SONG I. *From all uneasy Passions
free.*



FROM all uneasy Passions free,
Revenge, Ambition, Jealousie;
Contented I had been too blest,
If Love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull Life I now despise;
Safe from your Eyes,
I fear'd no Grievs, but then I found no
Joys.

midst a thousand kind Desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires;
Which Pangs I feel of tender Fear,
Which Heart so soft as mine can bear,
That I'll defy the worst of Harms,
Such are your Charms,
T H Worth a Life, to die within your Arms.

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110 *The* TENDER LOVER.

SONG II. *I wish my Love were in
 a Mire.*

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast,
For, while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtile Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame,
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
My feeble Pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG III. *Would Fate, &c.*

WOULD Fate to me *Belinda* give,
With her alone I'd chuse to live ;
Variety I'd ne'er desire,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater Bliss desire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find
Amongst the Race of Human-kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, and all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down,
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

SONG IV. ROBIN'S *Complaint*.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,
Or ever broken Heart so true?
My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
Has never won a Cheek for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay?
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had a Word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she,
Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of Day?
Did ever *Nanny's* Heifers fast,
If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?
Though to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nancy* lost a Sheep,
Then cheertfully I gave her two;
And I her Lambs did safely keep,
Within my Folds in Frost and Snow.
Have they not there from Cold been free?
But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
 'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
 Full as they were, I brought them home;
 Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:
 My Back did bear the Sack, but she
 Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny's* Poultry Oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best:
 Within this Week her Pidgeons have,
 Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least;
 Her little Pidgeons kiss, but she
 Will never take a Kiss from me.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
 And *Nann* still on *Robin* frown?
 Alas! poor Wretch! what shall I do,
 If *Nanny* does not love me soon?
 If no Relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

SONG V. *Why, cruel, &c.*

WHY, cruel Creature, why so bent
 To vex a tender Heart?
 To Gold and Title you relent;
 Love throws away his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great;
 For Pay let Armies move:
 Beauty shou'd have no other Bait,
 But gentle Vows and Love.

If on those endless Charms you lay
 The Value, that's their due,
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 A thousand Worlds too few.

But if a Passion without Vice,
Without Disguise or Art,
Ah, *Celia*! if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG VI. *Tho' cruel, &c.*

TH O' cruel you seem to my Pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View:
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heav'n it would be;
To him but a Woman you seem,
But, ah! you're an Angel to me!

Those Lips, which he touches in Haste,
I to them for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waste,
Which he spans as beside him you go;
That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulder you lay,
My Bosom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
But if I must feel thy Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG VII. Tweed-Side.

YE Nymphs, who frequent those sweet Plains,
 Where *Thames's* gentle Current doth glide;
 Who whilom have heard my glad Strains,
 Nor greatful Attention deny'd.
 With Pity, ye Fair, O reflect
 On the cruel Reverse of my Fate;
 See Constancy paid with Neglect,
 And Fondness rewarded with Hate.

How joyous and gay was each Hour!
 How wing'd with soft Pleasure they fled!
 E'er Shipwreck'd on *Humber's* dull Shore,
 By Love my poor Heart was betray'd:
 For there the Deceiver doth dwell,
 Whose Charms have so long been my Theme;
 In Beauty the Maid doth excel,
 But is fickle, and wild as the Stream.

If, averse to my Courtship at first,
 She had check'd my fond Infant Desire,
 Her Coldness had left me less curst,
 And perhaps had extinguish'd my Fire:
 But a thousand false Arts she employ'd,
 (Ingenious and wanton in Ill)
 The Passion she nurs'd, she destroy'd,
 And only created to kill.

Yet, tho' she delights in my Smart,
 Tho' she robs me of all I hold dear,
 Revenge is below a great Heart,
 I wish her a Lot less severe:
 May the Swain, she shall crown with Success,
 By his Kindness deserve to be priz'd;
 'Twould double, methinks, my Distress,
 At last to see her too despis'd.

SONG VIII. *Adieu, ye pleasant
Sports, &c.*

ADIEU, ye pleasant Sports and Plays,
Farewel each Song that was diverting;
Love tune my Pipe to mournful Lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* Parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasing Passion.
Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevail'd
On him, to shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair-one seem'd to give
A patient Ear to his love Story,
Damon must his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-spoken Words hang on each Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting;
And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
These charming Sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive he;
The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
And, more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

SONG IX. *Young Damon, &c.*

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,
 The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
 (Yet see the Effects of Love?)
 Depriv'd of all his former Rest,
 Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,
 And fought the thickest Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find,
 What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;
 And, when they begg'd to know,
 He only shook his drooping Head,
 And sighing mournfully, he said,
 My Fate will have it so.

Myrtillo, hearing of his Woes,
 Came too, and kindly ask the Cause,
 Of all his mighty Pain:
 The Youth, transported, and amaz'd,
 To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
 His Head, and thus began:

I love; but 'tis a Nymph so fair,
 That I of all Success despair,
 And nought expect but Scorn;
 But, Oh! forgive, since ask'd by you,
 If farther I my Tale pursue,
 And say, for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
 And is it thus you court a Maid!
 You'll by Experience find,
 The Fair's not won by dull Despair,
 But to the Brave and Debonnaire,
 Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

SONG X. *Love is the Cause, of
my Mourning.*

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her
say,
Tell *Strephon*, I die, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my mourning.

False Shepherd's, that tell me of Beauty and Charms;
Ye deceive me; for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms:
Oh! *Strephon*, the Cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him so.
Then on my pales Cheek no Blushes will show,
That Love was the Cause of my mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed, when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
But, finding her breathless, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! *Chloris*, the Cause of my mourning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs, use your Art;
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah! then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he said:
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
Down to the silent Shade.
Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

SONG XI. *I'll range, &c.*

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers,
 I'll strip the Gardens, and the Grove,
 To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the sultry Heat of Day,
 My thirsty Nymph does panting lie,
 I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,
 And drain the Stream, that she may drink.

At Night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,
 And with Green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
 That nothing may her Rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,
 My self shall never close these Eyes,
 But, gazing still with fond Delight,
 I'll watch my Chamber all the Night.

And then as soon as chearful Day
 Dispels the Gloomy Shades away,
 Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
 And find Provision for my Dear:

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,
 Attending on her with Delight,
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can Ease for her procure.

But If the Nymph, whom thus I love,
 Should ever false or faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal, distant Shore,
 And never think on Woman more.

SONG XII. *Why will Florella
when I gaze,*

THE Pain, which tears my throbbing Breast.
What Language can deplore ;
For how shou'd Language have exprest
A Pain ne'er felt before :
In other Virgins wounded Hearts,
Love's cruel Sport we see,
But the most cruel of his Darts
He has reserv'd for me.

Thy Curse, O *Tantalus* ! I'd prize,
Thy Curse a Bliss would prove ;
Ah ! Heav'n were kind, if with my Eyes
I could enjoy my Love.
Enchanted thus, Romances tell,
The Moans poor Virgin's make ;
But where is found the powerful Spell
Can this Enchantment break.

SONG XIII. *Had I the World at
my Command.*

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To *Flora* I'd present it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

For were my Life by Scraps sustain'd,
From Door to Door by begging gain'd,
Wou'd she be mine, I'd bless my Fate,
Nor wish a more exalted State.

Possessing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to desire more ?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And Pleasure dwells but in her Arms.

O grant, ye Powers! the Fair love,
 May to my Vows propitious prove ;
 And from your Altars shall arise,
 The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Blessings you bestow
 On craving Mortals here below,
 Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
 I'll all the rest with Joy resign.

SONG XIV. *Oh! happy, &c.*

O H! happy, happy Grove!
 Witness of our tender Love!
 O! happy, happy Shade!
 Where first our Vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a *Fove* :
 A thousand pretty Things she said,
 And all—and all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady Groves :
 When I speak of mutual Joys,
 She knows not what I mean :
 Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding Fair,
 Has left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn, ye Nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor *Strepson* was betray'd ;
 There the secret Wound she gave,
 And I was made her Slave.

SONG

SONG XV. *Virgins are like the
fair Flower.*

WHAT shall I do, to shew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
That, which wins other Hearts, never can move her;
Those common Methods of Love she'll despise.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
Till, for her own Sake, at last she'll implore me,
To love her less to preserve our Delight.

Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wish my Love could be always improving;
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;
To the last Moment I'll still be desiring:
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

SONG XVI. *Yellow hair'd Laddie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay Plain,
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
That which wins other Hearts, never can move her;
Those common Methods of Love she'll despise.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies;
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs;
 A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
 Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
 Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
 My trembling Lips bless her, in spite of my Grief.

By Night, while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
 I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair:
 The Fair sleeps in Peace; may she ever do so!
 And only, when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, no farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire;
 Hush all thy complaining, and, dying her Slave,
 Commend her to Heav'n, and thy self to the Grave.

SONG XVII. *If Love's a sweet
 Passion, &c.*

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Complaint?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And, by passionate Silence, I make my Love known.
 But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How

How pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
For 'tis Beauty that Conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG XVIII. *See what a Conquest
Love has made.*

SEE what a Conquest Love has made!
Beneath the Myrtle's am'rous Shade
The charming fair *Corinna* lies;
And, melting in Desire,
Quenching in Tears those flowing Eyes,
That set the World on Fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do!
The Youth by Chance stood by, and knew
For whom those Crystal Streams did flow;
And, though he ne'er before
To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heav'ns serene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock, and every Stone,
Their native Rigour keep;
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardest Marbles weep.

SONG XIX. *Busk ye, &c.*

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
 Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
 There we will sport and gather Dew.
 Dancing while Lavrocks sing the Morning;
 There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
 O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To Westlin Breezes *Flora* yields,
 And when the Beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
 And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
 Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
 Yet hastylie they flow to *Tweed*,
 And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony *Bell*,
 Hast to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free Consent my Fears repel,
 I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my Fair,
 Wha rais'd my Hopes relenting!
 O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony *Bell's* consenting.

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THE
WHINING LOVER.

*Poor whining Fool! why at her Feet thus cast?
Would'st win her, rise and clasp her round the Waist.*

SONG I. *By a dismal, &c.*

BY a dismal Cypress lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
Kind is Death, that ends my Pain,
But cruel she, I lov'd in vain.

The mossy Fountains
Murmur my Trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My Groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languish;
She only scorns me,
Who caus'd my Anguish.

No Love returning me, but all Hope denying:
By a dismal Cypress lying,
Like a Swan to sung he dying:
Kind is Death, that ends my Pain,
But cruel she I lov'd in vain.

SONG II. *Go you perpetual, &c.*

GO thou perpetual whining Lover,
 For Shame leave off this humble Trade,
 'Tis more than Time thou gav'st it over,
 For Sighs and Tears will never move her;
 By them more obstinate she's made,
 And thou, by Love, fond constant Love betray'd.

The more, vain Fop, thou su'st unto her,
 The more she does torment thee still;
 Is more perverse the more you woo her,
 When thou art humblest, lays thee lower;
 And when most prostrate to her Will,
 Thou meanly begg'st for Life, does basely kill.

By Heaven! 'tis against all Nature,
 Honour and Manhood, Wit and Sense,
 To let a little Female Creature
 Rule, on the poor Account of Feature;
 And thy unmanly Patience
 Monstrous and shameful as her Insolence;

Thou may'st find Forty will be kinder,
 Or more compassionate at least;
 If one will serve, two Hours will find her,
 And half this 'Do for ever bind her
 As firm and true as thy own Breast,
 On Love and Virtue's double Interest.

But if thou can'st not live without her,
 This only she, when it comes to't,
 And she relent not (as I doubt her)
 Never make more ado about her.
 To sigh and whimper is no Boot;
 Go hang thy self, and that will do't.

SONG III. COLIN's Complaint.

SAD *Philocles* sigh'd to the Wind,
The Wind it lamented his Moan,
Whilst Echo stood pining behind,
And gave him back every Groan:
Ye Winds! have the Grace to be mov'd,
Complaining, the fond Shepherd said,
The hard-hearted Nymph is reprov'd,
By the gentle Returns ye have made.

To Echo himself he address'd,
Compassion, says he, thou hast shown,
Which proves that the Pains of thy Breast
Are almost as great as my own.
'Twill yield me some little Relief,
With you a Companion to stray,
The Night shall be spent in my Grief,
In Tales of your Sorrow the Day.

The languishing Theme of your Woe,
The Shepherd *Narcissus* shall be;
For *Phyllis* I'll mourn where I go,
Till grown a mere Shadow like thee.
Come, pitying Maid, let's retire,
To whisper our Complaints in a Cave:
The pitiful Nymph said, Retire,
Such Places are likest the Grave.

At last, on the Side of a Hill,
A damp dusky Cavern they found:
There *Philocles* sigh'd to his *Phyllis*,
And Echo repeated the Sound;
But yet the sad Nymph had an Art,
Whereby she would flatter his Pains;
'Tho' speaking the Thoughts of her Heart,
She seem'd but repeating the Swain's.

He

128 *The WHINING LOVER.*

He seated himself on the Ground,
 His Hand it supported his Head;
 Despairing he shew'd ev'ry Wound;
 The Changing false *Phillis* had made:
 If once on his Rival he thought,
 Ye Gods! in a Rage he would cry,
 Oh blast all the Charms she has got,
 For whom I thus languishing die.

Narcissus was still *Echo's* Thought,
 Ye Gods! the sad Nymph would reply,
 Oh! blast all the Charms he has got,
 For whom I thus languishing die.
 Thus *Philocles* dy'd in Despair,
 While *Echo* augmented his Pain;
 When dead, the sad Nymph did repair
 To another sad desp'rate Swain.

SONG IV. *Help me, &c.*

HELP me, each harmonious Grove,
 Gently whisper, all ye Trees,
 Tune each warbling Throat to love,
 And cool each Mead with softest Breeze:
 Breathe sweet Odours, ev'ry Flow'r,
 All your various Paintings show,
 Pleasing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
 Around let ev'ry Blessing flow.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along,
Phœbus, glance thy mildest Ray;
 Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
 And tell what *Colin* dare not say.
Celia comes! whose charming Air
 Fires with Love the rural Swains;
 Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
 That *Colin* dies, if she disdains.

SONG

SONG V. *Believe my Sighs, my
Tears, &c.*

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind;
For when (as long her Chains I've worn)
I ask Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

My Rival's rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold;
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold:
Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth, and not Desert;
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive
To act a Healer's Part;
'Twill keep but lingring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, pensive Bed,
I lay me down to rest,
In hopes to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast,
Her Cruelty all Ease denies;
With some sad Dream I start,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then

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Then rising, thro' the Path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the senseless Walls my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
I view thy Window, kiss thy Door,
Till Morning bids depart,
Then vent ten thousand Sighs, and more;
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

SONG VI. *Come, all ye, &c.*

COME, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide:
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
And see, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind;
Tho' bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

SON

SONG VII. Tweed-Side.

LIKE a wandering Ghost I appear,
 All silent, neglected, and sad,
 Tormented by Hope and Despair,
 I sigh when all others are glad.
 No Joys in this Town can I find,
 The City's a Desert to me;
 I scarce shou'd regret being blind,
 To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I saunter along,
 I look but for thee in my Way;
 And if from my Sight thou art gone,
 I mourn all the rest of the Day:
 Or if that by Chance thou art there,
 I shun every Mortal I meet,
 Nor relish the Walk, or the Air;
 Thou only can render them sweet.

O, Nancy, whilst thus I complain,
 Does your Heart never flutter nor beat?
 And have you no Sense of my Pain,
 Whilst the Torment I bear is so great?
 Must those wandering Eyes always rove,
 On every new Object you see?
 Or must you reward my true Love,
 And fix them at last upon me?

SONG VIII. *Woe's my Heart that
 we should sunder.*

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
 Poor Collin spoke his Passion tender;
 And parting with his Grissy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder!

To

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To others I'm as cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my Heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder;
 Nor Time, nor Place shall ever change
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauties which invite our Wonder;
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye Gods! take Care of my dear Lass,
 That as I leave her, I may find her;
 When that blest Time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

SONG IX. *Whilst I gaze, &c.*

WHilst I gaze on *Chloe*, trembling,
 Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling;
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some Rival Lover,
 If a wand'ring Look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my Passion,
Or the Torments I endure;
I'll disclose my Inclination,
Awful Distance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature,
To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never mounts to raging Passion;
Love's a Torment, if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows,
But a constant, faithful Lover,
Seldom meets with true Repose.

SONG X. *One Night, &c.*

ONE Night, when all the Village slept,
Myrtillo's sad Despair,
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care:
Be gone, said he, fond Thoughts be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one,
That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have passed in Love:
The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that li e to those,
Her Flame shou'd ever burn.

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But, since she's lost, oh! let me have
 My Wish, and quickly die:
 In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
 And there for ever lie.
 Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
 And kindly here complain;
 Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
 And never wak'd again.

SONG XI. *As, when on Mountain-heads.*

AS, when on Mountain heads,
 With sudden Spring of Light,
 The Sun his Splendor spreads,
 And blinds the dazzled Sight;
 From *Mariana's* Eyes
 Love throws a flashing Dart,
 That wounds, with gay Surprise,
 And festers in the Heart.

At dead of Night, when Care
 Forsakes each tortur'd Breast,
 I, only, thro' Despair,
 Am barr'd from gentle Rest.
 When Morning Beams dispel
 The gloomy Shades of Night,
 Redoubled is my Hell,
 While others reap Delight.

At Noon, when Day's enthron'd,
 My Sorrows grow intense;
 Nor is my Case bemoan'd
 When silent Hours commence.
 Then hasten, friendly Death,
 And ease me of my Woe—
 Who would not yield his Breath,
 When Love's declar'd his Foe?

SONG XII. *Since from my Dear, &c.*

SINCE from my dear *Astrea's* Sight
 I was so rudely torn,
 My Soul has never known Delight,
 Unless it was to mourn.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
 And bleeding Heart I lie;
 Thinking on her, whose Absence 'tis
 That makes me wish to die.

SONG XIII. *Beneath a gloomy Shade,*

BENEATH a gloomy Shade,
 For unhappy Lovers made,
 The poor despairing *Lycidas* was laid,
 While drooping Turtles cooing stood
 On the green Branches of the dusky Wood;
 The mournful Flutes contend in vain,
 To lull his Cares, to ease his Pain,
 His Pain and Cares thus force him to complain;
 ' Ah heedless Shepherds! guard your Hearts
 ' From Woman's fatal Eyes,
 ' They wound us still with poison'd Darts,
 ' And he that's wounded dies:
 ' Their Form and Face, like Seas serene,
 ' Still promise only Joy;
 But oh! the Shelves, their Hearts within,
 ' Are certain to destroy.
 ' Ah! let my Fate thy Wreck prevent,
 ' Nor venture from the Shore:
 But here the hapless Shepherd, spent
 In Sighs, sunk down, and said no more.

SONG

SONG XIV. *The Sun had just, &c.*

THE Sun had just withdrawn his Fires,
 And *Phæbus* shone with milder Ray,
 When *Thyrsis* to the Grove retires,
 As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
 His aching Head the Cowslips press:
 His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
 At last gave Way to his Address.

O Queen, that guid'st the silent Hours,
 It e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,
 By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,
 Restore me *Rosalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I send,
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind;
 Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,
 Venus is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold those Cheeks, how pale, how wan,
 That once were grac'd with rosie Pride:
 Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone,
 My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
 That *Phæbus* self has strung my Lyre,
 Since *Plutus*, worthless God, prevails,
 And only sordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,
 With melting Notes does Grief suspend;
 Me Verse, nor sweetest Sounds can move,
 My Torments she alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,
Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shriek,
In frightful Consort Fate have spoke;
Alas! my Love-sick Heart will break:

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste away,
And see your Victim prostrate lye;
I faint, I can no longer stay,
O, *Rosalind*, for thee I die!

SONG XV. *At length I feel, &c.*

AT length I feel the Power of Love
No more preserv'd by Reason's Arms;
Reason, alas! in vain does prove
Before *Maria's* killing Charms.

When first her Form divinely fair,
Resistless struck my ravish'd Sight,
Not knowing there was danger near,
I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight.

But, O! too late, I found her Eyes
Could Pains, as well as Joys, impart;
From them a fatal Glance there flies
Which pierces me quite thro' the Heart.

Bright *Calia's* Shape I have admir'd,
By blooming *Chloe's* Face been charm'd,
Aminta's poignant Wit has fir'd,
And *Delia's* Voice my Breast has warm'd.

Each Female could Delight inspire,
To every Charm I us'd to bow;
But, oh! tho' each cou'd raise Desire,
I never, never lov'd till now.

SONG XVI. *Was Chloe as kind,
as she's fair.*

WAS *Chloe* as kind as she is fair,
 Good-natur'd, and witty, and free,
 What Nymph could with *Chloe* compare,
 Or Swain be so happy as me?

But, oh! when I tell her of Love,
 She seems not to know what I mean;
 Cou'd she but my Passion approve,
 How happy! how blest had I been!

Each Day my Complaints I renew,
 I languish, I pine, and I grieve;
 In vain for Compassion I sue;
 She neither will hear nor believe:

Gods! must I her Scorn then endure?
 And are my fond Hopes all in vain?
 Come, Death, then, and give me a Cure,
 And ease me of *Chloe's* Disdain.





THE
SAUCY LOVER:

*Nay, look ye, my Fair-one, don't be in a Huff;
For egad, I don't value you one Pinch of Snuff.*

SONG I. *Greenwood Tree, &c.*

F all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greatest Curse;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten times worse.
Poor *Adam* by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd some Years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were so.

overs the strangest Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs pursue,
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
'Till weary'd out of Life;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sor,
Who sighs in greatest Need,
For that, which, soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed.

Each

Each Maid's an Angel whilst she's woo'd,
 But when the Wooing's done,
 The Wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,
 Prove's nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or less, in human Life,
 No mortal Man can shun :
 But when a Man has got a Wife,
 He has them all in one.
 The Liver of *Prometheus*
 A gnawing Vulture fed;
 A Fable, that the thing was thus,
 The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
 Was *Tantalus's* Curse;
 The Apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a Divorce.
 Let no Fool dream that to his Share,
 A better Wife will fall;
 They're all the same, faith, to a Hair,
 For they are Women all.

When first the senseless empty Nokes,
 With Wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the Stocks,
 That they would let him in.
 Yet for a Lover we may say,
 He wears no cheating Phiz;
 Though other's Looks doth oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glass of Wine does give,
 (Wife take him that gainsays)
 Than all the Wenches sprung from *Eve*,
 E'er gave in all their Days.
 But come, to Lover's here's a Glass,
 God-wot, they need no Curse :
 Each wishes he may wed his Lass,
 No Soul can wish him worse.

SONG II. *Bright China's Power
divinely great, &c.*

WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy Creature;
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring Thing!
Most fantastick Work o' Nature!
Still like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving, hating, in extream:
Fond of every foolish Fashion;
And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring Weakness! wisht-for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain!
Thus deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil called it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an Hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd, at *Calia's* Feet.

SONG III. *Why so pale, &c.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Ill, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Ill, when speaking well won't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit,

Quit, quit for Shame this will not move,
 This cannot take her:
 If of her self she will not love
 Nothing can make her.
 The Devil take her.

SONG IV. *As the Snow, &c.*

AS the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phabus his warm Beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away;
 So the Beauties, so the Graces,
 Of the most bewitching Faces,
 At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd and is upbraided,
 By the Slaves he once controul'd;
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by every Lover,
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholy Looks, and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
 Soft Caresses, amorous Glances,
 Melting Sights, transporting Trances,
 Are the blest Effects of Love.

Fair ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
 Employ Time, lest Age resumming
 What your Youth profusely lends;
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories
 To your unbelieving Friends.

SONG V. *Cease your punning, &c.*

PR THEE *Billy*, ben't so silly
Thus to waste thy Days in Grief,
You say *Betty*, will not let ye;
But can Sorrow bring Relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining,
Pox on Torment, Tears and Woe;
If she's tender, she'll surrender,
If she's tough — e'en let her go.

SONG VI. *Why all this whining,*

WHY all this whining?
Why all this pining;
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain;
Nothing so common,
As Wealth and Woman,
To raise the Spirits, and dull the Brain.

To him that's merry,
That's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad,
Then rou'e thy Spirit,
And take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Cloe* fly thee,
And still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor ever repine;
If 'tis her Fashion
To slight your Passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her Thine:

When

When next you meet her,
 Again intreat her,
 And if you still find she wou'd make you her Tool;
 Ne'er let it vex you,
 Or once perplex you,
 She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

SONG VII. *Lovers, who waste, &c.*

LOVERS, who waste your Thoughts and Youth
 In Passion's fond Extreame;
 Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
 And doat upon your Dreams.

I shou'd not here your Fancy take,
 From such a pleasing State;
 Were you not sure at last to wake,
 And find your Fault too late.

Then, know, betimes, the Love which crowns
 Our Cares, is all but Wiles,
 Compos'd of false fantastick Frowns,
 And soft dissembling Smiles.

With Anger, which sometimes they feign,
 They cruel Tyrants prove;
 And then turn Flatterers again,
 With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant
 To whom they kindly us'd;
 Those Lovers are the most content,
 Who still have been retus'd.

Since in our Bosom each has nurs'd
 A false and fawning Foe;
 'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,
 To 'scape the fatal Blow,

SONG VIII. *Why is your faithful
Swain disdain'd.*

WITH Arts oft practis'd and admir'd,
A youthful Swain by Love inspir'd,
Long time pursu'd a Fair:
Her Coldness equal to his Love,
His Hopes repuls'd, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.

With Sighs, and Tears, in vain he tries,
But deaf to all his Sighs, she flies
As fast as he pursues:
To which he answers in Disdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourself the Conquest lose.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love must be repaid,
To make our Bliss compleat:
Since I've requested, you've deny'd,
My Love, as well as your's, is try'd;
And I with Ease retreat.

SONG IX. JOHN ANDERSON *my
Joe.*

WHAT means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love.
Tis either Cunning or Disdain,
That does such Ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain,
May neither happen t'you.

O

For

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your Part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not half that Art:
 For if you chance a Look to cast,
 That seems to be a Frown,
 I'll give you all the Love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

SONG X. *Never more, &c.*

NEver more I will protest,
 To love a Woman, but in jest;
 For as they cannot be true,
 So to give each Man his due,
 When the wooing Fit is past,
 Their Affection cannot last.

Therefore if I chance to meet
 With a Mistress fair and sweet,
 She my Service shall obtain,
 Loving her for Love again;
 Thus much Liberty I crave,
 Not to be a constant Slave.

For when we have try'd each other,
 If she better like another,
 Let her quickly change for me,
 Then to change am I as free:
 He or she that loves too long,
 Sells their Freedom for a Song.

SONG XI. *Still* CHLOE, &c.

STILL, *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
 Touch and retouch thy Face,
 Till the cosmetick Powers impart
 A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What though the home-bred Country Maid,
 To modest Rules a Slave,
 Disdains all Use of White and Red,
 But what plain Nature gave :

Yet if to vie with thee she dare,
 Whoe'er the Umpire be,
 He must be blind, or must refer
 The Palm entire to thee.

For whilst her aukward Cheeks display
 Pale Rage, or blushing Shame,
 No Change thy stiddy Looks betray,
 They always shine the same.

SONG XII. BELINDA's, &c.

BELINDA's Pride's an errant Cheat,
 A foolish Artifice to blind ;
 Some honest Glance, that scorns Deceit,
 Does still reveal her native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd Disdain,
 She idly acts the Saint ;
 We see thro' this Disguise, as plain
 As we distinguish Paint.

The Pains she takes are vainly meant
 To hide her am'rous Heart;
 'Tis like perfuming an ill Scent;
 The Smell's too strong for Art.

So have I seen great Fools design,
 With formal Looks, to pass for Wise;
 But, Nature is a Light will shine,
 And break thro' all Disguise.

SONG XIII. *I'll tell you, &c.*

I'LL tell you what, dear *Betty*;
 I own you're wonderous pretty;
 I also confess
 Your elegant Dress,
 And that you're passing witty.

But let not Vanity fool ye,
 For I must tell you truly,
 I ne'er can abide
 To worship your Pride,
 My Will is so unruly.

I'm not the Fool you'd have me;
 No Tyrant can enslave me;
 No Prude alive
 Shall me deprive
 Of the Liberty Nature gave me.

Tho' Beauty at first inclin'd me,
 Good Humour alone can bind me;
 Then if you think fit
 Your Flouting to quit,
 A faithful Lover you'll find me.

SONG XIV. *As CELIA near a
Fountain lay.*

THOU, *Flavia*, to my warm Desire
You mean no kind Return,
Yet still with undiminish'd Fire
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my Anguish to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever flight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,
So gentle Nymph adieu;
Since you no Pleasure have for me,
I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG XV. *Sue to, &c.*

SUE to *Celia* for the Favour,
Why shou'd poor deluded Man;
As if he were sole Receiver,
And return'd no Bliss again.

Were not Love condemn'd to Blindness,
Surely he wou'd quickly find,
Tho' to him she feigns the Kindness,
She is to herself most kind.

Let us banish then the Fashion,
And be resolutely brave;
Once it is their Inclination;
Let 'em ask before they have.

SONG XVI. *As Celia by a Fountain lay,*

FAIR *Iris* I love, and I hourly die,
 But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and say Things of Course,
 We mean not the taking for better for worse;
 When present we love, when absent agree,
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me;
 The Legend of Love, no Couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

SONG XVII. *Young Cupid, &c.*

YOUNG *Cupid* one Day wily,
 With well dissembled Art,
 Let fly an Arrow slyly,
 And pierc'd me to the Heart:

A while a sigh'd, grew stupid;
 But to quit Scores with *Cupid*,
 I found a Way, which soon I'll try,
 Since Reason takes my Part.

I'll steal away his Arrows,
 And sweet Revenge pursue;
 With Women's Hearts I'll head 'em,
 And then they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG XVIII. *The Mind, &c.*

THE Mind of a Woman can never be known,
 You never guess it aright:
 I'll tell you the Reason—she knows not her own,
 It changes too often e're Night.
 'Twould puzzle *Apollo*,
 Her Whimsies to follow,
 His Oracle wou'd be a Jest;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change like the Wind,
 And often abuses
 The Man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses
 Likes best.

SONG XIX. *When I see, &c.*

WHEN I see the bright Nymph who my Heart
 does enthral;
 When I view her soft Eyes, her languishing Air,
 Her Merit so great; my own Merit so small;
 It makes me adore; and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, that she squanders on Fools
 All those Treasures of Beauty with which she is
 stor'd,
 My Fancy it damps, my Passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem;
 The Passion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes;
 Which my Rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How

How wisely does Nature Things different unite?

In such odd Compositions our Safety is found;

As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite,

So her Folly makes whole whom her Beauty does wound.

SONG XX. *Ton humeur est* CATHARINE.

WOMAN's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
Who her pathless Ways can find?

Every Blast directs her Motion,

Now she's angry, now she's kind.

What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,

Whirl'd and toss'd by every Wind!

Can the Bark the Port recover,

When the silly Pilot's blind?

SONG XXI. *Silly Swain, &c.*

SILLY Swain, give o'er thy Wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kissing, cooing,
All is very foolish Doing,

All that follows after Kisses,

The very best, the Bliss of Blisses,

Is as dull a Joy as this is.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure;

Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,

What dull Thing thou can'st discover

Duller than a happy Lover.

SONG

SONG XXII. *'Twas in this Shade.*

T WAS in this Shade.
 While the Winds play'd,
 And the Birds warbled under each Bough;
 While Fountains flow
 Murm'ring below;
 In my Arms *Phillis* utter'd this Vow :

Swain when I prove
 False to thy Love,
 All the wing'd Nation no more shall sing;
 No Leaf shall shoot,
 Winds shall be mute,
 And not a Murmur heard in the Spring.

Thus did she swear;
 Pleas'd did I hear:
 But Words of Women, when they are kind,
 Shou'd last for ever,
 Grav'd with a Feather,
 In the loose Leaves, the Water, or Wind.

Sweet as the Rose,
 White as the Snows,
 Like 'em soon faded, sullied, is Woman;
 Fair like the Moon,
 Changing as soon;
 Bright as the Sun, and as the Sun common:

Like the frail Flow'r,
 (Child of an Hour)
 Such are her Beauties, such are our Blissess;
 Opening when blooming,
 Gayly consuming,
 Ev'ry Bee sucks 'em, ev'ry Wind kisses!

SONG

SONG XXIII. *How wretched, &c.*

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
 Who can no real Pleasures prove,
 For still they're mix'd with Pain :
 When not obtain'd, restless is the Desire;
 Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
 And shews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another soon,
 Wanes and increases, like the Moon,
 And, like her, never rests;
 Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears.
 Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
 In Lovers wav'ring Breasts.

But, spite of Love, I will be free,
 And triumph in the Liberty
 I without him enjoy :
 I'th' worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,
 Rather than change my Free-born Mind
 For such a foolish Toy.

SONG XXIV. *With tuneful Pipe.*

NO scornful Beauty e'er shall boast
 She makes me love in vain;
 That Man's a Fool, when once he's cross'd,
 If e'er he loves again :
 To pine, or whine, I never can,
 Nor tell her I must die;
 'Tis something so beneath a Man,
 I cannot; no, not I.

SONG XXV. *In PHILLIS, &c.*

IN *Phillis* all vile Jilts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquette.
Love is her constant welcome Guest,
And still the newest pleases best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can save a poor inclining Heart?

In vain, a thousand times an Hour,
Reason rebels against her Pow'r;
In vain I rail, I curse her Charms;
One Look my feeble Rage disarms;
There is Enchantment in her Eyes;
Who sees 'em can no more be wise.

SONG XXVI. *The little Loves, &c.*

THE little *Loves*, that round her wait,
To bring me Tidings of my Fate;
As *Celia* on her Pillow lies,
Ah, gently whisper, *Strepson* dies.

If this will not her Pity move,
And the proud Fair disdains to love;
Smile, and say, 'tis all a Lie,
And haughty *Strepson* scorns to die.

SONG XXVII. *I'm not one, &c.*

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to please a co-
 Lafs,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Ass;
 Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Possessing
 But Fools make a Curse, what was meant for a Blessing
 While his Godship's not rude, I'll allow him my Breath
 But, by *Jove*, out he goes, should he once break my
 Rest.

I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
 The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of *May*;
 But must beg her Excuse not to bear Pains or Anguish
 For that's not to love, by her Leave, but to languish.



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THE
MERRY LOVER.

*With tender Embraces and amorous Kisses,
He merrily sails to the Port of his Wishes.*

SONG I. *My Jeany and I, &c.*



MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
The live long Summer Day,
Till we amaidst were spoil'd,
At making of the Hay:
Her kurchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny Brow;
I whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you.

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
As tight as ony Silk;
O sic a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin was white as Milk;
Her Hair was black as one could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her Mou,
O *Jeany* daintily can kiss—
But what's that to you.

TH The Rose and Lilly both combine,
To make my *Jeany* Fair,
There is nea Bennison like mine,
I have amaidst no Care:
Only I fear my *Jeany*'s Face
May cause mae Men to rue,
And that may gar me say, Alas!
But what's that to you.

Conceal thy Beauries if thou can,
 Hide that sweet Face of thine,
 That I may only be the Man
 Enjoys those Looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear
 Wonders to common View,
 And with a faithful Heart shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had Wives anew,
 And many a Concubine,
 But I enjoy a Bliss mair true,
 His Joys were short of mine:
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her Due,
 All Debts of Love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you.

SONG II. *Young Corydon, &c.*

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phyllis*,
 Sate in a lovely Grove,
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
 Repeating Tales of Love,
And something else: but what I dare not name.

But as they were a playing,
 She ogled so the Swain,
 It saved her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our Pain,
And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
 Upon the flow'ry Green;
 But as he farther prest her,
A pretty Leg was seen, &c.

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So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardor still encreas'd ;
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast, &c.

A last Effort she trying,
His Passion to withstand,
Cry'd (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your Hand, &c.

Young Corydon grew bolder,
The Minutes would improve ;
This is the Time he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.

The Nymph seemed almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat ;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My Dear, your Love is great, &c.

But Phyllis did recover,
Much sooner than the Swain ;
She blushing ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiss again ? &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature's at a Stand,
From Talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each others Hand, &c.

SONG III. *Beware, my Cælia, &c.*

BE wary, my *Cælia*, when *Celaden* sues,
These *Wits* are the Bane of your Charms ;
Beauty, play'd against Reason, will certainly lose,
Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young

Young *Damon*, despis'd for his Plainness of Parts,
 Has Worth that a Woman should prize ;
 He'll run the Race *out*, tho' he heavily *starts*,
 And *distance* the short-winded *Wife*.

Your *Fool* is a Saint in the Temple of Love,
 And knells all his Life there to pray ;
 Your *Wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a Stage he but takes in his Way.

SONG IV. *Ah! bright Belinda, &c.*

A H! bright *Belinda* hither fly,
 And such a Light discover,
 As may the absent Sun supply,
 And cheer the drooping Lover.

Arise, my Day, with Speed arise,
 And all my Sorrows banish,
 Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes,
 All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded Treasure ;
 Why should you love to give us Pain,
 When you were made for Pleasure ?

The petty Powers of Hell destroy ;
 To save's the Pride of Heaven :
 To you the first, if you prove coy ;
 If kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make,
 Betwixt a Good and Evil ;
 Which Title had you rather take,
 My *Goddess*, or My *Devil* ?

SONG V. *Pious Selinda, &c.*

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour ;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had Hopes to win her ;
Would she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

SONG VI. *Yes, I could love, &c.*

YES, I could love, if I could find,
A Mistress fitted to my Mind,
Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
To change her Virtue, or her Love.

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
Not City proud, nor nicely coy,
But full of Love, and full of Joy.

Not childish young, nor Beldame old ;
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold ;
Not gravely wise to rule the State,
Not foolish to be pointed at.

Not wordly rich, nor basely poor ;
Not chaste, nor a reputed Whore :
If such a one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, entitle me her Lover.

SONG

SONG VII. *Bright Cynthia's
Power, &c.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* Power divinely great,
 What Heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her Eyes are playing.
 She seems the Queen of Love to reign;
 For she alone dispenses,
 Such Sweets as best can entertain,
 The Gust of all the Senses.

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,
 Her Breath gives balmy Bliss;
 I hear an *Angel* when she sings,
 And taste of Heaven when she kisses.
 Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
 From Nature's richest Treasure;
 Let me the other Sense employ
 And I shall die with Pleasure.

SONG VIII. *If Phyllis denies, &c.*

IF *Phyllis* denies me Relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,
 At my Mirth why should she repine?

Brisk sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the Grievs my dull Soul has in store:
 My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
 By drinking, what can I do more?

Would *Phyllis* but pity my Pain,
 Or my amorous Vows would approve,
 The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but Love:

SONG

SONG IX. *Three Nymphs, &c.*

THREE Nymphs contending for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The first sold Puddings, Pies, and Tarts;
The second, Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herself to cry
The News three times a Week,
Besides ev'ry Night 'twas her Delight,
To cry hot bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celestial Bow'rs,
And guide me to the best;
And may my Faculties and Pow'rs,
Of Heart and Mind be blest.
Whilst thus I cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate can't be revers'd;
The Nymph we've chosen for thy Bride,
Sifts Sindors from the Dust.

SONG X. *Let us drink, &c.*

LET us drink, and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,
Theorbo, and Voice;
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your Dust:
Frolicks dispose
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence;
For we shall be nothing
An hundred Years hence,

Well

We'll kiss, and be free,
 With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
 Have Oysters, and Lobsters,
 And Maids by the Belly.
 Fish-Dinners will make
 A Lass spring like a Flea;
 Dame *Venus*, (Love's Goddess)
 Was born of the Sea:
 With *Bacchus*, and with her,
 We'll tickle the Sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred Years hence.

Your most beautiful Bit,
 That hath all Eyes upon her,
 That her Honesty sells,
 For a *Hautgoust* of Honour!
 Whose Lightness, and Brightness,
 Doth shine in such Splendor,
 That none but the Stars
 Are thought fit to attend her:
 Though now she be pleasant,
 And sweet to the Sense.
 Will be damnable mouldy
 An hundred Years hence.

SONG XI. *A certain Presbyterian*
Pair,

A Certain Presbyterian Pair,
 Were wedded t'other Day,
 And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
 Their Pastor came to pray.

But first, he bade each Guest depart,
 Nor sacred Rites prophane;
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries,
 Can never entertain.

Then

Then with a puritanick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd;
That he would please to grant Encrease,
To that same Man and Maid :

And that the Husbandman might dress,
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And, like a Vine, she still might twine,
About him all her Life.

Sack-Poffet then he gave them both,
And said, with lifted Eyes,
Blest of the Lord ! with one Accord,
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,
T'apply prolifick Balm;
And while they strove in mutual Love,
The Parson sung a Psalm.

SONG XII. *Cælia, too late, &c.*

CÆLIA, too late you wou'd repent :
The offering all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

Your Bounty of these Favours shown,
Whose Worth you first deface,
Smelting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Brass.

! since the Thing we beg's a Toy
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
Before the Love is gone ?

SONG

SONG XIII. *Prethee, Susan, &c**J A M E S.*

PRETHEE, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
 By this doleful Spring?
 You are, I fear, in Love, my Dear;
 Alas poor Thing!

S U S A N.

Truly *Jeemie*, I must blame ye,
 You look so pale and wan;
 I fear 'twill prove, you are in Love,
 Alas poor Man!

J A M E S.

Nay, my *Sue*, now I view ye,
 Well I know your Smart;
 When you're alone, you sigh and groan,
 Alas poor Heart!

S U S A N.

Jamie, hold, I dare be bold
 To say thy Heart is stole,
 And know the She, as well as thee,
 Alas poor Soul!

J A M E S.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who,
 I'll give thee Beads of Pearl,
 And ease thy Heart of all this Smart,
 Alas poor Girl!

S U S A

S U S A N.

Famie, no; if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you sad,
And pine away, both Night, and Day,
Alas poor Lad!

J A M E S.

Then, my *Sue*, it is for you
That I burn in these Flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry;
Alas poor *James*!

S U S A N.

Why you so, then, *Famie*, know,
If you should prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth he then join thy Hand with mine,
And we will wed to Day:
So agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
Come let's away.

SONG XIV. *Do not ask me, &c.*

O not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
This Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown.

Not to behold the Beauty
Of the Flowers that crown the Spring;
No—but I know my Duty,
And dare never name the Thing

What

What the Sun does to the Roses
When his Beams play sweetly in,
I wou'd——but my Fear opposes,
And I dare not name the Thing.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I spake what I wou'd do,
I wou'd——with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd —— I wou'd —— Ah! wou'd You!

SONG XV. O! I love, &c.

O! I love a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit, nor sprightly Turn;
But for her down, down, derry down;
But for her down, down, derry down.

On the Grass I saw her lying,
Strait I seiz'd her tender Waiste;
On her Back she lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd.
Under my down, down, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender;
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart;
Still unwilling to surrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the Part,
Of her down, down,

Out of Breath Mamma came running
To prevent poor Nanny's Fate;
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
Cry'd Mamma you're come too late;
For I am down, down, &c.

SONG XVI. *Come, be free, &c.*

COME, be free, my lovely Lasses,
 Banish dull restraining Pride;
 Now we're o'er our generous Glasses,
 Let the Mask be thrown aside.
 With our Wine sweet Kisses blending,
 You its Virtues shall improve;
 Wine our warm Desires befriending,
 Shall increase the Power of Love.

Squeamish Prudes may take Occasion,
 Whilst they burn with inward Fire,
 To condemn a generous Passion,
 Which they never could inspire.
 But, how curs'd is their Condition,
 Whilst in us they Freedom blame?
 Every Night pant for Fruition,
 Yet find none to meet their Flame.

SONG XVII. *Yes, all the, &c.*

YES, all the World will sure agree,
 He who's secure of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a Wrong
 To make one who has been so long
 My *Queen*, my *Slave* at last.

Nor ought those Things to be confin'd
 That were for publick Good design'd:
 Could we in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our Corn and Grass away,
 And starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright
 Two Souls which Passion does unite;
 For while our Love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away;
 And why the Devil shou'd we stay,
 When once that Love is past.

SONG XVIII. *Whenever, &c.*

WHenever, *Chloe*, I begin
 Your Heart, like mine, to move,
 You tell me of the crying Sin
 Of unchaste lawless Love.

How can that Passion be a Sin,
 Which gave to *Chloe* Birth?
 How can those Joys but be divine,
 Which make a Heav'n on Earth.

To wed, Mankind the Priests trepann'd,
 By some sly Fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great Command,
 Increase and multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime, content;
 Yet this allow you must,
 More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,
 Than over ninety Just.

Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's sake,
 Repent, and be forgiv'n;
 Bless me, and by Repentance make
 A Holliday in Heav'n.

SONG XIX. PEGGY, *in Devotion.*

PEGGY, in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.

Imade muckle Bustle,
Love's dear Fort to win ;
But the Kirk Apostle
Told her 'twas a Sin.

Fasting and Repentance,
And such whining Cant,
With the Doomsday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know ;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her those below.

Nature took my Part still,
Sense did Reason blind,
That, for all his Art still,
She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter
Did so dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mongst the canting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy, on the *Sunday*,
 With her Daddy vext,
 Came to me on *Monday*,
 And forgot his Text.

SONG XX. PHILLIS, *as her, &c.*

PHILLIS, as her Wine she sipp'd in,
 Gaily talking with her Swain,
 Into her Hand he slyly slipp'd in
Tal, lal, lal, lal,
 A full Glas of brisk Champaigne.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?
 Must I always sigh in vain?
 Must I never hope to tickle
Tal, lal, &c.
 Your Ear with a merry Strain.

Long have I been toss'd and fretting
 Like a Sailor on the Main;
 Sure, at length, 'tis Time to get in
Tal, &c.
 To the Port I hope to gain:

Hearts you take Delight in stealing,
 Of new Conquest still are vain;
 Torture others, whilst I'm feeling
Tal, &c.
 Pleasure that is void of Pain.

Won, at length, she listen'd kindly,
 And from Love could not refrain;
 So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, &c.
 Fitted for her cold Disdain.

SONG XXI. 'Twas Fancy, &c.

'T WAS Fancy first made *Celia* fair;
 'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
 It robb'd the Sun, stript ev'ry Star
 Of Beauties to bestow on her;
 And when it had the Goddess made,
 Down it fell, and worshipped,
 Creator first, and then a Creature;
Narcissus and a Pail of Water.

SONG XXII. *Amongst the, &c.*

A MONGST the Willows on the Grass,
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
 Young *Willy* courted bonny *Bess*,
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by:
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry
 Two Months before we marry.
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For a Maid I'll live and die.
 Says *Nell*, *So shall not I*,
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt Hope and Despair,
 And Kisses mixt between,
 He with a Song did charm her Ear,
 Thinking she chang'd had been;
 Says *Will* I want a Blessing
 Substantialer than Kissing.
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For I will never change my Mind:
 Says *Nell*, *She'll prove more kind*,
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Smart Pain the Virgin finds,
 Altho' by Nature taught,
 When she first to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
 Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,
 For such a puny Pleasure!
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
 And to my Vow be true.
Quoth Nell, The more Fool you.
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my Closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly Books,
 Forget vain Love, and worldly Care,
Quoth Nell, That likely looks.
 You Men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all.
 Your Sex I now despise.
Says Nell. By Jove, she lies.
Says Nell, &c.

SONG XXIII. *If the Heart, &c.*

IF the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
 The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;
 Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises our Spirits, and charms our Ears.
 Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclothe,
 But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those,
 Press her,
 Cares her,
 With Blisses,
 Her Kisses,
 Dissolve us in Pleasure and soft Repose.

SONG XXIV. *When I court, &c.*

When I court thee, dear *Molly*, to grant me the Bliss,
 With a Squeeze by the Hand, and then with a Kiss;
 You, like an arch Baggage, for ever reply,
 In the same loving Mood, can you live, Sir, and die?
 Then you ask me how long this same Passion will last,
 And if I shan't cool, when the *Moment* is past?
 Such Questions as these might e'en damp a Beginner,
 And must certainly puzzle an old batter'd Sinner.
 But to shew you, for once, how much I despise
 To tell you, like some Men, a thousand damn'd Lyes,
 My Mind, dearest Girl, in few Words you shall know,
 And if, on those Terms, you think well of it, so;
 If not, for my Part, I shall ne'er take it ill,
 For if one Woman won't, there are thousands that will.

That I like you at present, you never can doubt;
 For what do I take all this Trouble about?
 That my Passion is real, and void of Disguise,
 You may feel by my Pulse; you may read in my Eyes;
 When these roll so fast, and that beats so quick,
 The *deuce* must be in't, if it's all but a Trick.

Thy fresh ruddy Lips, and thy Teeth all so white,
 Thy round tempting Bubbies, which heave with Delight,
 Thy Trim taper Shape, and thy dear little Feet,
 Thy Voice that's so soft, and thy Breath that's so sweet;
 Thy bright beaming Eyes, and thy gay golden Hair,
 Provoke a Sensation too killing to bear;
 Above or below nothing faulty is seen;
 And, faith, I dare answer for what lies between.

So many rare Charms surely never can cloy,
 But Night after Night, wou'd afford one new Joy;
 Methinks, in my Passion, I never cou'd vary,
 If a thousand Examples did'n't prove the contrary:

For,

For, like other Men, I am but Flesh and Blood;
 Yet, if I'm no better, I hope I'm as good;
 Then since, dearest *Molly*, any one whom you take,
 Is as likely as me, to prove false and forsake,
 If you e'er run the Hazard, let me be your Man,
 And I'll love you as much, and as long as I can.
 We'll toy, ramp, and revel, we'll bill, and we'll coo,
 And do every thing else, which young Lovers do.
 But if, upon Tryal, and often repeating,
 (For the Proof of the Pudding's, you know, in the eating)
 Your Passion or mine from the Biass should run,
 As in Crouds of each Sex it already has done;
 Shou'd we grow cool and civil, why e'en let us part,
 Nor strive to keep up a dull Passion by Art;
 For 'tis Folly, 'tis Nonsense, our Nature to force,
 As spurring a Jade only makes her the worse:
 At formal Restraint let us neither repine,
 But give back my Heart, and I'll return thine.

SONG XXV. *Ye Nymphs, &c.*

YE Nymphs, no more take Pains to hide
 Your Love, but own your Passion;
 For Virtue, if too nice, is Pride;
 And coyness Affectation.

Cupid make your Virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won;
 Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the Treaty's once begun.

Such as like a tedious Wooing,
 Let 'em cruel Damsels find;
 But for such as wou'd be doing,
 Prithee, *Cupid*, make 'em kind.

SONG XXVI. *My Name, &c.*

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*,
In spite of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*,
I'll have my own *Fegary*.

My Love is blithe and bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be,
Fresh and gay as the Flow'rs in *May*,
And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be;
I'll give her Rings, and pretty Things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Satten,
Her Gown of crimson Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,
Just like a *Barthol'mew* Baby.

Her Waistcoat shall be scarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of *Spanish* Leather;

Her Smock of finest Holland,
And lac'd in every Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then

Then to the Church I'll have her,
 Where we will wed together,
 And so come home, when we have done,
 In spite of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers shall attend us,
 And first play *John come kiss me*;
 And when that we have danc'd around,
 Then strike up *Hit or miss me*.

Then hey for little *Mary*,
 'Tis she I love alone, Sir,
 Let any Man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, Sir.

SONG XXVII. *Tell me, &c.*

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That *Chloe's* false and common;
 By Heav'n, I all along believ'd
 She was a very Woman:
 As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran;
 And that you think a hard Thing:
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
 Why, what care I one Farthing.
 You think she's false, I am sure she's kind,
 I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
 Who has the better Bargain?

SONG XXVIII. *After the, &c.*

AFTER the Pangs of a desperate Lover,
 When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,
 Ah! what a Pleasure it is to discover,
 In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!
 Ah! what a Pleasure it is to discover,
 In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

When with Unkindness our Love at a stand is,
 And both have punish'd ourselves with the Pain,
 Ah! what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is!
 Ah! what a Pleasure to press it again!
Ah! what a Pleasure, &c.

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
 Ah! what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
 Ah! what a Trembling does usher my Joy!
Ah! what a Trembling, &c.

When with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
 And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;
 Ah! what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
 Ah! what a Joy to hear, shall we again!
Ah! what a Joy, &c.

SONG XXIX. *Young Cupid I find.*

YOUNG *Cupid* I find
 To subdue me inclin'd,
 But at length I a Stratagem found,
 That will rid me of him,
 For I'll drink to the Brim,
 And unless he can swim,
 He like other blind Puppies shall drown.

SONG

SONG XXX. DORINDA, &c.

DORINDA has such pow'rful Arts,
 Such an attractive Air,
 None can resist her conqu'ring Darts,
 But gladly yield their Captive Hearts
 To so divine a Fair.

Thus the mysterious Loadstone's Pow'r
 Each wandering Atom draws;
 From Pole to Pole they take their Course,
 Confin'd by an intrinsick Force,
 And circle in its Laws.

Magnetick Pow'rs her Charms attend;
 But then here lies the Riddle,
 The Loadstone does its Force extend,
 And strongest draws at either End,
Dorinda in the Middle.

SONG XXXI. Of ANNA's, &c.

OF *Anna's* Charms let others tell,
 Or bright *Eliza's* Beauty;
 My Song shall be of *Blouzabel*,
 To sing of her's my Duty.
 The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupid's* Darts,
 His Flames and other Matters,
 Is all around behung with Hearts,
 As Beggars are with Tatters.

To lavish Nature much she owes,
 And much to Education;
 The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaus,
 Are struck with Admiration:

For blended in her Cheek there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip;
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
Her Teeth are black and yellow;
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue,
Her Lips like any Tallow.
Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
Far off it is admir'd;
Her Tongue, — which never yet lay still,
And yet was never tir'd.

Ten thousand Wonders rise to View,
All o'er the lovely Creature,
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds every shining Feature.
As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said
She like a Forrest favours:
Thrice happy Man! for whom the Maid
Reserves her hidden Favours.

O, *Blowzabel*, for thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aspire;
For thou hast all which Lovers want,
To quench their raging Fire:
Then kindly take us to thy Arms,
And in Compassion save us,
From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,
Which cruelly enslave us.

SONG XXXII. *What tho', &c.*

WHAT tho' you cannot move her
 With all your Art and pressing?
 Vex not, fond, silly Lover,
 Nor curse the vain addressing.
 Why shou'd you lament,
 When she shou'd repent?
 What Help, if a Fool will deny thee?
 'Tis all but a miss,
 Of a Face and a Kiss;
 And there's a good Sex to supply thee.

Who knows, wou'd you but leave her,
 What change she may discover?
 Perhaps may grant the Favour,
 Rather than lose the Lover.
 If nothing avail,
 Yet, 'tis Odds if she fail
 To give thee full Right to disdain her;
 When, after thy Love
 And thy Worth could not move,
 A Fool that has neither shall gain her.

Make Love an easy Fashion,
 And thy Success thy Measure;
 Discarding still the Passion,
 That will not bring the Pleasure.
 Examine not why,
 The Lady is shy;
 If Nature, or Honour advise her;
 But, thy Part fairly done,
 If she'll not be won,
 Take Leave, and look out for a Wiser.

SONG XXXIII. *Love is now, &c.*

LOVE is now become a Trade,
All its Joys are bought and sold;
Money is a Feature made,
And Beauty is confin'd to Gold;

Courtship is but Terms of Art;
Portion, Settlement, and Dower,
Softens the most obdurate Heart;
The Lawyer only is the Wooer.

My Stock can never reach a Wife;
It may a small retailing Whore:
Let Men of Fortune buy for Life,
A Night's a Purchase for the Poor.

SONG XXXIV. *Tho' Women, &c.*

THO' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet Nature doth Strength supply:
Their Will is too strong to surrender,
They're obstinate still till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with Reason,
Your Sorrows you only prolong;
Disputing is always High Treason,
No Women was e'er in the Wrong:

Your only Relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in Compassion, the Fair,
May persuade herself into Consent.

SONG XXXV. *If you sue, &c.*

IF you sue to *Venalia* to grant you the Blessing,
 Like *Jove* in Gold court her, or vain's your Ad-
 dressing;
 For she says, that Love nought but what's gen'rous in-
 spires,
 And therefore rich Tokens of Love she requires.

Such Suitors as nothing but Love have to give her,
 (Like penniless Ghosts at the *Stygian* River,
 To *Elisum* a Passage deny'd by old *Charon*)
 Eternal Attendance may dance on the Fair-one.

SONG XXXVI. *Cloe's a God-
 dess in the Groves, &c.*

CLOE's a Goddess in the Groves,
 A *Naiad* in the Streams;
 An Angel in the Church she moves;
 A Woman in my Dreams.

Love steals Artill'ry from her Eyes,
 The Graces paint her Charms;
Orpheus is rival'd in her Voice;
 And *Venus* in her Arms.

Never so happily in one,
 Did Heav'n and Earth combine;
 And yet 'tis Flesh and Blood alone,
 Make her this Thing divine.

She looks like other mortal Dames,
 Till I unlace her Boddice:
 But when with Fire she meets my Flames,
 The Wench turns up a Goddess.

SONG

SONG XXXVII. Sylvia the
Fair, &c.

SYLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green,
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she
guess

By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! the cry'd - ah for a languishing Maid,
In a Country of Christians to die without Aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or a Trimmer at le
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Prier,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close;

And in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,
Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close.
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close,

SONG

SONG XXXVIII. *As almost, &c.*

AS naked almost, and more fair you appear,
 Than *Diana*, when spy'd by *Actæon*;
 Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,
 We hope your too gentle to lay on.

For he, like a Fool, took a peep, and no more,
 So she gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir :
 What Goddess, undrest, such Neglect ever bore ?
 Or what Woman e'er pardon'd such Scorns, Sir ?

The Man who with Beauty feasts only his Eyes,
 With the Fair always works his own Ruin ;
 Shall find by your Actions, our Looks, and our
 Sighs,
 He not barely contented with viewing,

G
XXXIX. *Since you, &c.*

SINCE you will needs my Heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess
 The Faults to which 'tis given :
 It is to change much more inclin'd
 Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
 Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
 It has been, from its very Youth,
 A most egregious Ranger:
 And since from me 't has often fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)

With one kind Look cou'd win it ;
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left Success for Change,
And, what's worse, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to Rest,
'Twould make me act like one possesst,
For still 'twill keep a Pother ;
And tho' you only I esteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream
Court and enjoy another.

And now if you are not afraid,
After these Truths that I have said,
To take this arrant Rover ;
Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
I think the Heart within your Breast
Will prove just such another.

SONG XL. *Would you, &c.*

Would you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears ;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears ;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chafe her, and praise her, if fair or brown ;
Sooth her, and smooth her,
And teaze her, and please her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

If you fancy a Widow well known in Man ;
With a Front of Assurance come boldly on ;
Treat her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in Mind how her Time steals on ;

Battle

Rattle, and prattle, altho' she frown,
Rouze and touze her from Morn to Noon,
And shew her some Hour,
You'll answer her Dow'r
And get but her Writings and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That Pleasure's best Charms is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.





THE
PRESSING LOVER.

*See, see, the Lillies fade, Time flies away,
O why my Cloe, why do we delay.*

SONG I. O Bell, &c.



*Bell, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
I pass the Day with Pain;
When Night returns, I feel the Smart,
And wish for thee in vain;
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap, that charm-
ing Petticoat of thine.*

*My ravish't Fancy, in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms;
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways,
Present thee to my Arms:
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those Pleasures, which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.*

*Faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny;
The just Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Passion die.
Turn and let soft Pity seize
That lovely Breast of thine;
My Petticoat could give me Ease
If thou and it were mine.*

Sure

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine;
 And thou'rt too good its Law to flight,
 By hind'ring the Design:
 May all the Powers of Love agree
 At length to make thee mine;
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From every Charm of thine.

SONG II. *Prithee, Cloe, &c.*

PRITHEE, *Cloe*, give o'er,
 And perplex me no more,
 For, my Charmer, it looks very queerly
 That in blooming fifteen,
 Thou'rt afraid to be seen
 By a Shepherd who loves thee so dearly.
 When with Speed I pursue,
 Intending to wooe,
 And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover;
 Like a fearful young Lamb,
 That runs after its Dam,
 So thou flyest away to thy Mother.

I know 't has been told,
 That Patriarchs of old
 Spent threescore Years in their Wooing;
 'Twas no Wonder, then,
 That a Nymph of Fifteen,
 Should be coy when a Swain was pursuing.

But, my Charmer, I vow,
 'Tis a Miracle now,
 That a Nymph in her Teens should fly any,
 When I dare now engage,
 Not a Man in the Age,
 But thinks Threescore Days are too many.

SONG

SONG III. *Fye, Liza, &c.*

FYE, *Liza*, scorn the little Arts,
Which meaner Beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our Hearts,
Unless they still refuse;
Are coy and shy; will seem to frown,
To raise our Passion higher;
But when the poor Delight is known,
It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle Time away,
Or stop you know not why;
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray
What Death you mean to die;
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
And Love no more be crost;
Ah! *Liza*, when the Joys are known,
You'll curse the Minutes past.

SONG IV. *A Nymph, &c.*

A Nymph of the Plain,
By a jolly young Swain,
By a jolly young Swain,
Was address'd to be kind:
But relentless I find
To his Prayers she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd,
in a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,

I cannot

I cannot express;
 But he lov'd to Excess,
 And swore he wou'd die,
 If she wou'd not comply,
In a manner, &c.

While Blushes, like Roses,
 Which Nature composes,
 Which Nature composes,
 Vermillion her Face
 With a Beautiful Grace;
 Which her Lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner, &c.

When wak'd from their Joy,
 Which their Souls did employ,
 Which their Souls did employ
 From her ruby warm Lips
 Thousand Odours he sips,
 At the Sight of her Eyes
 He faints and he dies,
In a manner, &c.

But how they shall part,
 Now becomes all the Smart,
 Now becomes all the Smart,
 'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
 That to ease his own Care,
 He would meet her again,
 And till then be in Pain,
*In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.*

SONG

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ONG

SONG V. *Cælia let not, &c.*

CÆLIA let not Pride undo you,
Love and Life fly swiftly on;
Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
Still in vain, till Love is gone:
See how fair the blooming Rose is,
See by all how justly priz'd,
But when it its Beauty loses,
See the wither'd Thing despis'd.

When these Charms that Youth have lent you,
Like the Roses are decay'd,
Cælia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid.
Die a Maid! die a Maid! die a Maid!
Cælia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid.

SONG VI. *Cælia, my dearest, &c.*

CÆLIA, my dearest, no longer depress me,
But hasten to bless me,
And fly to my Arms
O cou'd I charm you!
How I wou'd warm you!
How I wou'd revel and sport in your Arms!

No one is near;
Why shou'd we fear?
Why shou'd we these precious Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended,
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

SONG VII. *By the Mole, &c.*

BY the Mole on your Bubbies, so round and so white;
 By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would
 By whatever Mole else you have got out of sight, [delight
I prithee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Kiss just a starting from off your moist Lips;
 By the delicate up and down Jutt of your Hips;
 By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues far
I prithee, &c. [out-tips,

By the Down on your Bosom, on which my Soul dies;
 By the Thing of all Things, which you love as your Eyes;
 By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when
I prithee, &c. (you rise.

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share;
 By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear;
 By the Question I burn so to ask, but don't dare,
I prithee now hear me dear Molly.

SONG VIII. *When first I, &c.*

WHEN first I sought fair *Calia's* Love,
 And ev'ry Charm was new,
 I swore by all the Gods above,
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
 She still protested, vow'd, and swore,
 She ne'er wou'd ease my Pain.

At last o'er come, she made me blest,
And yielded all her Charms;
And I forsook her, when poss'est,
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear *Galia*, now
Thy Breast to Rage incline ;
For why, since you forgot your Vow
Shou'd I remember mine ?

SONG IX. *No more, &c.*

NO more, severely kind, affect
To put that lovely Anger on ;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'st suspect
Thy Lover's Eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern Honour, watchful Spies,
Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd t'obey ;
Like Dungeon Slaves, my hasty Eyes
Just snatch a Glimpse of chearful Day.

Absent, the Desert Walks I view,
Here went *Eliza*, there she came ;
With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,
And dreaming, sigh *Eliza's* Name.

" Where is his Soul, the Women cry,
" The stupid Lump! the Lifeless Earth ;
" Where, say the Men, his brisk Reply,
" His crimson Glass, and noisy Mirth.

Haft thou not mark'd my Burning Kifs,
My lawless Pulse, my bounding Heart
How oft, when wild for further Blifs,
All trembling from thy Arms I start ?

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Ah, spotless Fair, tho' well I find
 My Passion's strong, my Reason frail:
 Ah! can I stain that Angel Mind;
 And, Virtue lost, let Love prevail?

No! down in Shades below we'll rove,
 A glorious miserable Pair;
 Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,
 For burning Love, and chaste Despair.

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever Youth,
 That wish'd like me, like me endure?
 Do'st thou not blame this swainish Truth,
 And wish my Flame was not so pure?

In pity hate me, tempting Fair,
 An happy Exile let me fly.
 What sev'rish Wretch his Thirst can bear,
 That sees the cooling Stream so nigh!

Oh! I shall all my Vows unsay,
 If once I gaze—my Blood will glow;
 This virtuous Frost will melt away,
 And Love's wild Torrent overflow.

SONG X. *Phillis, we not, &c.*

PHILLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
 Forming you has done her Part;
 And, in every single Feature,
 Shew'd the utmost of her Art,

But in this it is pretended,
 That a mighty Grievance lies,
 That your Heart shou'd be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your Eyes.

Love's a senseless Inclination,
Where no Mercy's to be found;
But just, where kind Compassion
Gives us Balm to heal the Wound.

Persians paying solemn Duty
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
But in Hopes to make him kind:

SONG XI. *Tell me, &c.*

TELL me, *Cloe*, why has Nature
Been so partial to your Form?
Why in Beauty deck'd each Feature?
Think you 'twas to aid your Scorn?

No, mistaken charming Woman,
Nature no such Thrift requires;
She bestows her Gifts in common,
And our lib'ral Use desires.

Then no longer doat on Pow'r,
But let Love your Thoughts employ;
Use the now propitious Hour,
And improve the instant Joy.

Time, tho' slowly, is approaching,
When that Face we now adore,
'Stead of Love, will cause our Loathing,
Spread with Age and Wrinkles o'er.

Then while weakly, vainly prating,
You your former Conquests boast;
Who'll regard you, while relating
What your Scorn and Folly lost.

SONG XII. *Will you ever, &c.*

WILL you ever, lovely Charmer,
Still persist to tyranize;
Still, &c.

Can no Fire approach to warm her,
Who from Danger never flies
Who, &c.

Circled in a Cloud of Lovers,
Kindly all you entertain,
Kindly, &c.

None your favourite Smile discovers,
Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain,
Yet, &c.

Yet believe me, lovely Creature,
Heaven design'd you kind as fair,
Heaven, &c.

Trust, for once, the God of Nature,
None are happy but a Pair,
None, &c.

SONG XIII. *Ofly from, &c.*

OFly from this Place, dear *Flora*,
Thy Goaler has set thee free;
And before the next Blush of *Aurora*,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.
Dearest Creature exchange for a better,
Confinement can have no Charms;
Think which of your Prisons is sweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

SONG XIV. *Cælia, hoard, &c.*

CÆLIA, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure;
Still the vain Possessor's poor;
What are Riches without Pleasure?
Endless Pain the Miser takes
To encrease his Heaps of Money;
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his Honey.

Views, with aking Eyes, his Store,
Trembling, lest he chance to lose it;
Pining still for want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to use it.
Cælia thus, with endless Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
Lab'ring still to conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the Sweets of loving.

Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying still she's under Twenty;
Age brings Wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her Plenty.
Soon or late they both will find,
Time, their Idol, from them sever;
He must leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Cælia's Fate will still be worse,
When her fading Charms deceive her;
Vain Desire will be her Curse,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Cælia, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure;
Taste a little of thy Store;
What is Beauty without Pleasure.

SONG XV. *Oh my Treasure, &c.*

O H! my Treasure,
 Crown my Pleasure,
 Let this be the happy Night;
 Bless, oh, bless me!
 Kindly press me,
 Let me die with dear Delight.



Leave this Trembling,
 And Dissembling,
 Lay aside all Female Art;
 Love's soft Pleasure,
 Beyond Measure,
 Will atone for all its Smart.

SONG XVI. *Why should, &c.*

W H Y shou'd coy Beauty be so hard,
 To be to Joy persuaded?
 Why so perversely stand its Guard,
 By Love and Youth invaded?
 Did ever Dame against the Knight,
 Who came to her redressing,
 For the rude Giant-Jailer fight,
 And help her own Oppressing?

Such Honour is, the tender Maid,
 With rigid Force restraining;
 Love soon, with Leave, would lend his Aid,
 And end the Tyrant's reigning.
 But, the poor Fool's so taught to dread
 Her Friend, her Foe to favour,
 She thinks it Ruin to be freed,
 Protection to enslave her.

Be wise, ye Fair, and keep not dead
 Upon your Hands your Treasure ;
 The honest Lover does but plead
 For a fair Truck of Pleasure ;
 Between the Nymph and Swain, that join
 In Love, 'tis equal Trading ;
 He gains the Riches of her Mine,
 And she his Vessel's Lading.

S O N G XVII. Aurelia, &c.

A URELIA, art thou mad ;
 To let the World, in me,
 Envy Joys I never had,
 And censure them in thee ?

Fill'd with Grief for what is past,
 Let us at length be wise ;
 And the Banquet boldly taste,
 Since we have paid the Price :

Love does easy Souls despise,
 Who lose themselves for Toys,
 An escape for those devise,
 Who taste his utmost Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
 Like their's a Folly is,
 Who are for vain Swearing damn'd,
 And knew no higher Bliss.

Love shou'd, like the Year, be crown'd,
 With sweet Variety ;
 Hope shou'd in Spring abound,
 Kind Fears, and Jealousy ;

In

In the Summer Flowers shou'd rise,
 And in the Autumn Fruits;
 His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
 And in a Scoff salute.

SONG XVIII. *I love thee, &c.*

I LOVE thee, by Heav'n; I cannot say more;
 Then set not my Passion a cooling:
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er;
 For I'm but a Novice at fooling

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in Deeds;
 Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?
 A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds;
 And a Word to the Wise is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known;
 But I hate all protesting and arguing.
 Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
 If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying,
 Pry'thee be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
 But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery* Suit,
 The Age of a Patriarch depending;
 Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it, one Way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool;
 Like the Grace of Fanatical Sinners,
 Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals grow cool
 Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

SON

SONG XIX. *Dear Aminda, &c.*

DEAR *Aminda*, in vain you so coily refuse,
What Nature and Love do inspire;
That formal old Way, which your Mother did use,
Can never confine the Desire,
It rather adds Oil to the Fire,

When the tempting Delights of wooing are lost,
And Pleasure a Duty becomes;
We both shall appear, like some dead Lover's Ghost,
To frighten each other from Home;
And the genial Bed like a Tomb.

Now low at your Feet your fond Lover will lie,
And seek a new Fate in your Eyes;
One amorous Smile will exalt him so high,
He can all but *Aminda* despise;
Then change to a Frown, and he dies.

To Love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
But to raise our Enjoyments by Art,
We'll often fall out, and as often renew;
For to wound and cure the Smart,
Is the Pleasure which captives the Heart.

SONG XX. *Hence, hence, &c.*

HENCE, hence, thou vain fantastick Fear
Of Ill to come, we know not where:
Stand not with thy infernal Face
To fright my Love from my Embrace;
To what a Height should we love on,
Wert thou, and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh,

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry, forbear,
 'Tis Sin, I neither must nor dare;
 If Sin can in these Pleasures dwell,
 If this can be the Gate of Hell,
 No Flesh can hold from ent'ring in;
 Heav'n must forgive so sweet a Sin.

Down, down she does begin to fall,
 And now the Shadows vanish all;
 And now the Gate is ope to Bliss,
 And now I'm enter'd Paradise;
 Whilst envying Angels flock to view,
 And wonder what it is we do.

SONG XXI. *Say lovely Sylvia, &c.*

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, leud and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
 Why must not I that Bounty share,
 You pour on all Mankind?

That Sun that shines promiscuously
 On Prince and Porter's Head,
 Why must it now leave only me
 To languish in the Shade?

In vain you cry, you'll sin no more,
 In vain you pray and fast;
 You'll ne'er persuade us, till threescore,
 That *Sylvia* can be chaste.

When thus affectedly you cant,
 You're such a young Beginner,
 You make at best an awkward Saint,
 That are a charming Sinner.

SONG

SONG XXII. *There was, &c.*

T H E R E was a Swain full fair,
 Was tripping it over the Grass,
 And there he spy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,
 A pretty tight Country Lass:
 Fair Damsel, says he,
 With an Air brisk and free,
 Come, let us each other know:
 She blush'd in his Face,
 And reply'd with a Grace,
 Pray, forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, &c.

The Lad being bolder grown,
 Endeavour'd to steal a Kiss;
 She cry'd, pish—let me alone,
 But held up her Nose for the Bliss;
 And when he begun,
 She would never have done,
 But unto his Lips she did grow;
 Near smothered to Death,
 As soon as she had Breath,
 She stammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, says he, pretty Maid,
 Let's to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade,
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:
 She mends her Pace,
 And hastens to the Place;
 But if her Lecture you'd know,
 Let a bashful young Muse
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse,
 And answer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG XXIII. *By the Toast, &c.*

BY the Toast of your Health, when full Bumpers go
down ;

By the am'rous Masquerade Beaus of the Town ;

By the powder'd pert Fop, and the rustick dull Clown,
I prithee now hear me, dear Cloe.

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair so adore ;

By the Pride of the Sex, when their Smiles we implore ;

By the Charms of your Dress, and the Force of its
I prithee, &c. (Pow'r,

By the Posy display'd on your Ring, or your Garter ;

By your delicate Snuff-Box enamell'd much smarter ;

By the *Je-ne-say-quoy*, when your Captives cry Quarter,
I prithee, &c.

By the simpering Dimple your Smiling discovers ;

By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers ;

By the coquetting Belles, who censure all others,
I prithee, &c.

By that Circle your Hoop, which such Charms does
inclose ;

By your killing bright Eyes, and your acquiline Nose ;

By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depose,
I prithee, &c.

By your Lips so ambrosial, and Bosom so fair ;

By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which charms your fine Ear ;

By the gen'rous Sylphs who make you their Care,
I prithee, &c.

By your Lilly-white Hands, and Fingers so pretty ;

By your exquisite Genius, facetious and witty ;

By all the gay Fancies describ'd in this Ditty,
I prithee now hear me, dear Cloe.

SONG

SONG XXIV. *Why shou'd, &c.*

WHY shou'd a Heart so tender break?
 O *Myra!* give its Anguish Ease:
 The Use of Beauty you mistake,
 Nor meant to vex, but please.

Those Lips for smiling were design'd,
 That Bosom to be prest,
 Your Eyes to languish and look kind,
 For amorous Arms your Waiste.

Each Thing has its appointed Right
 Establish'd by the Pow'rs above;
 The Sun and Stars give Warmth and Light,
 The Fair distribute Love.

SONG XXV. *Come, dearest
 Flavia, &c.*

COME, dearest *Flavia*, pray be kind,
 Why should you shun, why longer flight me?
 You'll find in Love all Pleasures join'd,
 And share the Joys whilst you delight me.

Why should you be averse to Bliss,
 Whilst I in boundless Transports die?
 You'll feel the rapt'rous Extasies,
 And cease to breathe as well as I.

Let us the happy Time improve,
 Now Time and Place do both conspire;
 Time swiftly flies away in Love,
 Then let us gratify desire.

Thro
 An Extasy
 When I such Sweetness
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

(She

208 *The* PRESSING LOVER.

(She yields, I see it in her Eyes)
 You'll find true Bliss in Love alone:
 How vast must be the rapt'rous Joys,
 Where ev'ry Sense is blest'd in one.



or Cloe.

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SONG

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THE
HAPPY LOVER.

*Now, now's the lucky Minute, Cupid cries,
And to her Arms the happy Lover flies.*

SONG I. *The Lass, &c.*



THE Lass of Peaty's Mill,
So bonny, blith and gay,
In spite of all my Skill,
Hath stole my Heart away:
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton in her Een,

Her Arms white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To press them with his Hand.

Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extasy of Blifs,
When I such Sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

SONG

SONG II. *Ye watchful Guardians, &c.*

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
 Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
 Let my dear *Delia* be your Care,
 And represent her Lover,
 With all the Gaity of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love, and Truth;
 Till I return her Passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a Golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue but to save,
 With glaring Gold bewitch her.
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me who knows how to be kind,
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,
 Than one that's ten Times richer.

SONG III. *Poor Damon, &c.*

POOR *Damon* knock'd at *Calia's* Door,
 He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore:
 The Sign was so:
 She answer'd, No,
 No, no, no, *Damon* no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd;
 No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;
 Consider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid,
 Consider; no,
 I am a Maid,
 No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way ;
 She rose, and softly turn'd the Key :
 Come in, said she, but do not stay,
 I may conclude,
 You will be rude,
 But if you will you may.

SONG IV. *Is Hamilla, &c.*

I S *Hamilla* then my own?
 O! the dear, the charming Treasure!
 Fortune now in vain shall frown,
 All my future Life is Pleasure.

See how rich with youthful Grace,
 Beauty warms her every Feature ;
 Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
 All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms arise,
 Rosy Smiles, and kindling Blushes ;
 Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
 And betrays her secret Wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* Grove,
 Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces,
 Spread the downy Couch for Love,
 And lull us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise,
 This fair happy Night surround us ;
 While a thousand spritely Joys,
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unfowr'd with Care or Strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing ;
 While we tread the Path of Life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

SONG V. *Transported with Pleasure, &c.*

TRANSPORTED with Pleasure,
 I gaze on my Treasure,
 And ravish my Sight,
 And ravish my Sight;
 While she gaily smiling,
 My Anguish beguiling,
 Augments my Delight.

How blest is a Lover,
 Whose Torments are over,
 His Fears and his Pain,
 His Fears and his Pain;
 When Beauty relenting,
 Repays with consenting,
 Her Scorn and Disdain.

SONG VI. *May the Ambitious, &c.*

MAY the Ambitious ever find
 Success in Crouds and Noise,
 While gentle Love does fill my Mind,
 With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
 And all the World think them wise,
 While I lie at my Nanny's Feet,
 And all the World despise

Let conquering Kings new Conquests raise,
 And melt in Court Delights;
 Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
 Her Arms much softer Nights.

SONG VII. *Behold I fly, &c.*

BEHOLD I fly on Wings of soft Desire,
 Whilst gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
 Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire,
 Longs from the Company to be gone:
 She Blushing flies the Pleasure,
 He rushing grasps his Treasure,
 'Till with mutual Tendernefs each other they warm:
 Since *Phœbe*'s my Guide,
 And Love does preſide,
 Each Monarch, tho' great,
 Wou'd envy my State,
 For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

SONG VIII. *When I ſurvey, &c.*

WHEN I ſurvey *Clarinda*'s Charms,
 Folded within my circling Arms,
 What endleſs Pleaſures move along
 Serenely ſoft, and ſweetly ſtrong:
 Every Smile invites to Love,
 Balmy Kiſſes,
 Am'rous Blifſes,
 Every riſing Charm improve.

Love on her Breſt has fixt his Throne,
 And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
 Who can the Charmer's Power diſown,
 When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
 Yet when wounded we feel no Pain,
 No, 'tis Pleaſure,
 Above Meaſure,
 Raptures flow in every Vein.

SONG

SONG IX. *No, Delia, no, &c.*

NO, *Delia*, no, what Man can range
 From such seraphick Pleasure:
 'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
 To grasp the Fairy Treasure:
 What Man of Sense wou'd quit a certain Bliss-
 For Hopes, and empty Possibilities?

Vain Fools their sure Possessions spend,
 In Hopes of chymick Treasure,
 But for their fancy'd Riches find
 Both Want of Gold and Pleasure
 Rich in my *Delia*, I can wish no more;
 The Wand'rer, like the Chymist, must be poor.

SONG X. *As Cælia, &c.*

AS *Cælia* near a Fountain lay,
 Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
 The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that Way
 To drive his Flock of Sheep,
 To drive, &c.

With awful Steps he approach'd the Fair,
 To view her charming Face,
 Where every Feature wore an Air,
 And ev'ry Part a Grace,
 And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
 He wish'd the Nymph would wake,
 Tho' ne'er before was any Swain,
 So unprepar'd to speak,
 So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair *Calia* lay,
Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, Come, *Thyrsis*, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, &c

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifl'd all her Charms,
And rifl'd, &c.

SONG IX. Cloe, when I, &c.

CLOE, when I view thee smiling,
Joys cœlestial round me move;
Pleasing Visions Care beguiling,
Guard my State, and crown my Love.
To behold thee gaily shining,
Is a Pleasure past defining,
Every Feature charms my Sight:
But, oh Heav'ns! when I'm careſſing,
Thrilling Raptures never ceasing,
Fill my Soul with soft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely dearest Creature,
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart!
Beauteous Master-piece of Nature!
Cause of all my Joy and Smart!
In thy Arms enſolded lay me,
To diſſolving Blifs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to reſt;
Gently, kindly, oh my Treasure!
Bleſs me, let me die with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breſt.

SONG XII. *Whilst* Alexis. &c.

WHIST *Alexis* lay prest
 In her Arms he lov'd best,
 With his Hand round her Neck,
 And his Head on her Breast.
 He found the fierce Pleasure too hasty to stay,
 And his Soul in the Tempest just flying.

When *Calia* saw this,
 With a Sigh, and a Kiss,
 She cry'd, oh my Dear, I'm robb'd of my Bliss;
 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
 To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The Youth, tho' in Haste,
 And breathing his Last,
 In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
 Till at length she cry'd—Now, my dear, now let us go;
 Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
 Till *Alexis* did try,
 To recover new Breath, that again he might die:
 Then often they dy'd: but the more they did so,
 The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd
 more slow.

SONG XIII. *Upon* Clarinda's, &c.

UPON *Clarinda's* panting Breast,
 The happy *Strephon* lay;
 With Love and Beauty jointly prest
 To pass the Time away.
 Fresh Raptures of transporting Love,
 Have struck his Senses dumb;
 He envies not the Powers above,
 Nor all the Joys to come.

As painful Bees abroad do rove,
 To fetch their Treasures home;
 So *Strephon* rov'd the Fields of Love,
 To fill her Honey-comb:
 Her ruby Lips he kist and prest,
 From whence all Joys derive;
 Then humming round her snowy Breast,
 Strait crept into her Hive.

SONG XIV. *When Cloe, &c.*

WHEN *Cloe* shines serenely gay,
 Oh! how Love's Goddess she outvies!
 How on her Lips the Graces play,
 And *Cupid's* wanton in her Eyes!

What soft Delights her Smiles impart!
 What Raptures does young *Damon* feel,
 When thus she ravishes his Heart,
 With Joys too mighty to reveal!

Let the conceited of her Sex
 Requite, with Scorn, the Lover's Pains;
 Let them take Pleasure to perplex,
 And triumph o'er a dying Swain.

The Nymph must have a heav'nly Mind,
 A Soul that's gen'rous, great, and brave;
 Who conquers only to be kind,
 And makes it her Delight to save.

The God-like *Romans* so (tho' crown'd,
 Where-e'er they came, with Victory)
 Not for their Arms were more renown'd,
 Than for their Acts of Clemency.

SONG XV. *As Damon late, &c.*

AS *Damon* late with *Cloe* sat,
 They talk'd of am'rous Blissess;
 Kind Things he said, which she repaid,
 In pleasing Smiles and Kisses.
 With tuneful Tongue, of Love he sung;
 She thank'd him for his Ditty:
 But said, one Day she heard him say,
 The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,
 Took out his Pipe to charm her;
 And while he strove, with wanton Love,
 And sprightly Airs to warm her:
 She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain,
 In all the softest Measure,
 Whole killing Sound would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with Pleasure.

Eager to do't he takes the Flute,
 And ev'ry Accent traces;
 Love tickling through his Fingers flew,
 And whisper'd melting Graces:
 He play'd his Part, with wondrous Art,
 Expecting Praises after;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Burst out into a Laughter.

Taking the Hint, as *Cloe* meant.
 Said he, my Dear, be easy;
 I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
 May play a Tune to please ye:
 Then down he laid the charming Maid,
 He found her kind and willing:
 He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
 Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair *Cloe* soon approv'd the Tune,
 And vow'd he play'd divinely ;
 Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
 It goes exceeding finely :
 The Flute is good that's made of Wood
 And is, I own, the neatest ;
 Yet ne'ertheless, I must confess,
 'The silent Flute's the sweetest.

SONG XVI. *Hail to the Myrtle
 Shade, &c.*

HA I L to the Myrtle Shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields;
 Kings wou'd not here invade
 Those Pleasures that Virtue yields.
 Chor. *Beauty here opens her Arms,*
To soften the languishing Mind;
And Phillis unlocks her Charms;
Ah Phillis ! ah why so kind?

Phillis, Thou Soul of Love,
Thou Joy of the neighbouring Swains ;
Phillis, that crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that gilds the Plains.
 Chor. *Phillis, that ne'er had the Skill*
To paint, to patch, and be fine ;
Yet Phillis, whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming Song
Makes Labour and Pains a Delight ;
Phillis, that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live-long Night.
 Chor. *Phillis, whose Lips like May,*
Still laughs at the Sweet's that they bring ;
Where Love never knows Decay.
But sets with eternal Spring.

SONG

SONG XVII. *As I beneath, &c.*

AS I beneath the myrtle Shade lay musing,
Sylvia the fair in mournful Sounds,
 Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
 Oh! God of Love, cease to torment me,
 Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,
 Whose Balm apply'd, may ease my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove resounded,
 Heavenly Nymph, complain no more,
 Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore,
 And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee;
 In whom a longing Maid may find,
 A Balm to cure her love sick Mind.

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine from
 Which still the more increas'd her Pain, [her,
 Finding, at length, she strove in vain,
 Oh! Love she cry'd, I must obey thee;
 Who can this raging Smart endure?
 Then suck'd the Balm, and found a Cure.

SONG VIII. *As Chloris, &c.*

AS *Chloris*, full of harmless Thought,
 Beneath a myrtle lay,
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
 To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the am'rous Swain;
 But as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain:
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vien.

Ah! Gods! said she, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Oh! let me,——for unless you please,
I have no Power to rise.

She fainting Spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her Looks and Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lye.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

SONG XIX. *Whilst on, &c.*

WHILST on *Melanissa* gazing,
I survey each pleasing Grace,
And, with eager Joys embracing,
Dwell on that angelick Face.

There, with endless Raptures kissing,
I could breathe my Soul away;
But my Eyes, the Pleasure missing,
Chide my Lip's too long Delay.

Lest the Eye shou'd want its longing,
I a while quit to'ther Bliss;
But my Lips, their Loss bemoaning,
Prompt me to another Kiss;

Thus

Thus perpetually renewing
 Those two never-fading Joys,
 Kissing her, by turns, and viewing,
 Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

SONG XX. *Phillis has, &c.*

PHILLIS has a gentle Heart
 Willing to her Lover's Courting;
 Wanton Nature, all Lover's Art,
 To direct her in her sporting:
 In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
 All is real Inclination;
 No false Raptures in the Bliss,
 No feign'd Sighings in the Passion.

But O, who the Charms can speak,
 Who the thousand Ways of toying,
 When she does the Lover make
 All a God in the enjoying?
 Who, the Limbs that round him move,
 And constrain him to the Bliss?
 Who, the Eyes that swim in Love,
 Or the Lips that suck in Kisses?

O the Freaks when mad she grows,
 Raves all wild with the Possessing!
 O the silent Trance that shows
 The Delight above expressing!
 Every way she does engage,
 Idly talking, speechless lying;
 She transports me with her Rage,
 And she kills me in her dying.

SONG XXI. *I Gently touch'd &c.*

I Gently touch'd her Hand, she gave
A Look that did my Soul enslave ;
I prest her Rebels Lips, in vain,
They rose up to be prest again.
Thus happy, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,
And a quick light Impression made ;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to over-flow.
Yet, trust me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did stay,
O'er her smooth Limbs my Hands did stray ;
Each Sense was ravish'd with Delight,
And my Soul stood prepar'd for Flight ;
Blame me not, if, at last I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than Innocent.

SONG XXII. *An am'rous Swain, &c.*

A N am'rous Swain to *Juno* pray'd,
And thus his Suit did move,
Give me, oh ! give me the dear Maid,
Or take away my Love.

The Goddess thunder'd from the Skies,
And granted his Request:
To make him happy, made him wise,
And drove her from his Breast,

SONG XXIII. *Say mighty Love, &c.*

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
To whom thy sweetest Joys belong,
And who the happy Pairs,
Whose yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands,
To soften all their Cares.

Not the Wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains,
That thoughtless fly into the Chains,
As Custom leads the Way:
If there be Bliss without Design,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not fordid Souls of earthly Mould,
Who drawn by kindred Charms of Gold,
To dull Embraces move:
So two rich Mountains of *Peru*
May rush to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires,
With wanton Flames, those raging Fires,
The purer Bliss destroy:
On *Ætna's* Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dress the Bed,
T'improve the burning Joy.

Nor the dull Pairs, whose Marble Forms,
None of the Melting Passions warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands:
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals,
Are married just like *Stoic* Souls,
With Officers for their Bands.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear Bondage bless :
 As well may heavenly Comfort spring,
 From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
 Or none besides the Bass.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold,
 Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
 The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young Foxes might as well,
 In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell,
 With Fire-bands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind,
 A gentle to a savage Mind,
 For Love abhors the Sight :
 Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
 For native Rage, and native Fear,
 Rise and forbid Delight.

Two kindest Souls, alone must meet,
 'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual Loves :
 Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne,
 Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,
 And *Cupids* yoke the Doves.

SONG XXIV. As *Damon*, &c.

AS *Damon* watch'd his harmless Sheep,
 Within a silent Shade,
 Lock'd in the Bands of downy Sleep,
 He saw his Charmer laid ;
 And thus he hail'd theauteous Maid.

AIR.

AIR.

Close not those charming Eyes,
 My Life, my only Dear!
 'Tis Night till they arise,
 'Tis Day when they appear.

Charm'd with the tuneful Accents of his Voice,
 The lovely Virgin rear'd her Head;
 For *Damon's* Song makes Sorrow's self rejoice,
 So sweet! 'twould e'en recal the Dead.
 Nor was the Nymph coquet or coy,
 Too well she knew the artless Boy,
 With Fervour not to be express'd,
 She clasp'd him to her snowy Breast;
 Who thus sang forth his Joy.

AIR.

While in her Arms my Charmer holds me,
 I think the Queen of Love infolds me;
 Less lovely *Venus* is than she,
Adonis far less blest than me.

SONG XXV. *Musing on Cares, &c.*

MUSING on Cares of human Fate,
 In a sad Cypress Grove;
 A strange dispute I heard of late,
 'Twixt *Virtue*, *Fame*, and *Love*:
 A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice,
 And their Opinions crav'd,
 How he might hope to be so wise,
 To get a Place beyond the Skies,
 And how he might be sav'd.

Nice *Virtue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
 Paths to eternal Rest;
 To fight his King's and Country's Cause,
Fame counsell'd him was best.
 But *Love* oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
 Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long,
 And then thou shalt be sav'd.

Swift as a Thought the am'rous Swain
 To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies,
 In soft Expressions told her plain,
 The Way to heav'nly Joys.
 She, who with Piety was stor'd,
 Delays no longer crav'd;
 Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
 She smil'd and took him at his Word;
 And thus they both were sav'd.

SONG XXVI. *As on a vernal, &c.*

AS on a vernal Evening fair,
Damon and *Celia* (happy Pair!)
 Sate on a Flow'ry Bank reclin'd:
 Beneath a fragrant Myrtle Shade,
 While their young Offspring round 'em play'd,
 Thus ravish'd *Damon* op'd his Mind.

Oh! What happy State is this!
 My *Celia*! what a Heav'n of Bliss
 Does Love, pure, lawtul Love supp'y!
 Whether I turn my Look on thee,
 Or yonder Infant Charmers see;
 Still Views of Joy salute my Eye.
 Life's highest Blessings all are mine,
 And doubly so by being thine,
 Dear Crown of all that I enjoy!

No anxious, guilty Thoughts I find,
To discompose my Peace of Mind,
Pure Love yields Sweets without Alloy.

I draw no ruin'd Virgin's Tear,
No injur'd Parent's Curse I hear ;
I dread no violated Laws ;
I lose no Honour, waste no Wealth,
With no Diseases wound my Health ;
Foul as the shameful Crime their Cause

Our Holy Union Heav'n approves,
And smiles indulgent on our Loves
As our unnumber'd Blessings show :
Oh! Let our Virtue then improve,
Let us secure more Bliss above ;
For more we cannot wish below.



FINIS.

